

BRIGHT STORY READERS.

Grade IV.

UNGAVA

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Abridged by DOROTHY I. HARRISON.

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125. Fairy Stories from Africa.
126. Fairy Stories from Persia.
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238. The Hermit of Svartnes.
239. White Lily.
240. The Castaways.
241. The Adventures of the "The"
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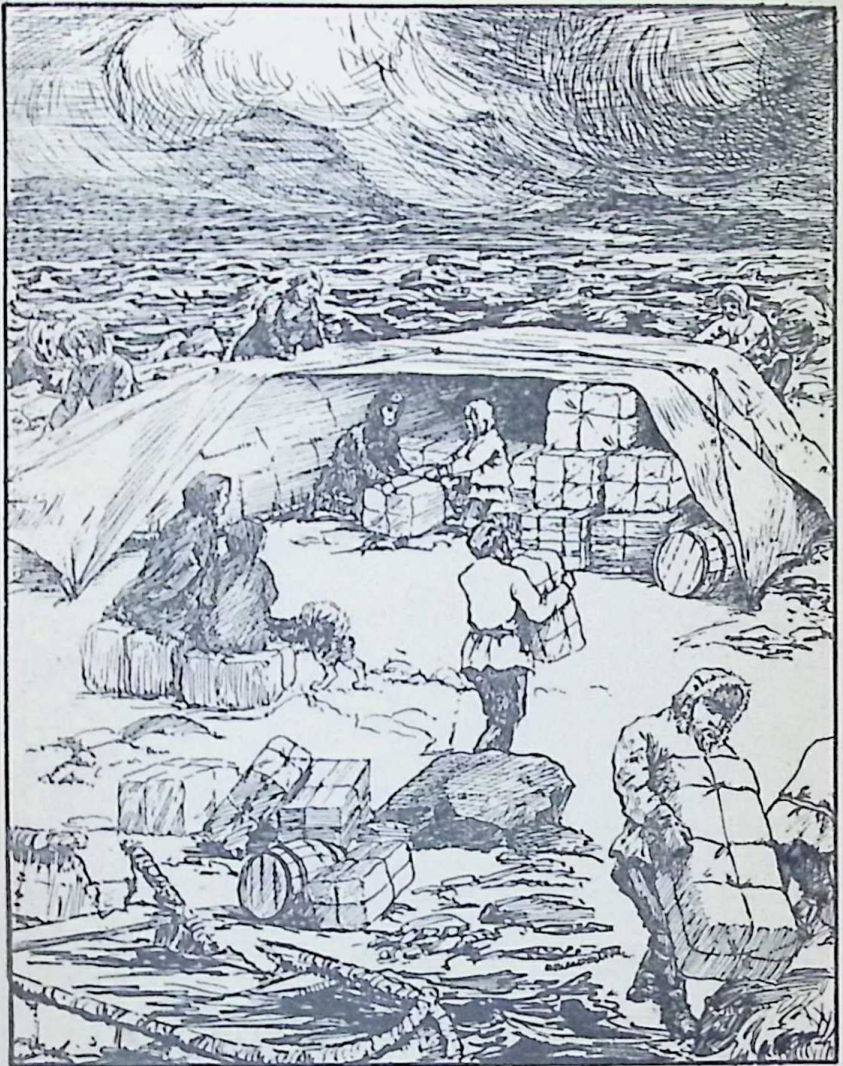
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*Over the top of all, oilcloths were spread and lashed down.—Page 24.

UNGAVA.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Abridged by
DOROTHY I. HARRISON.

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NOTE.

For the meaning of words which are not found in the Notes at the end of the book, the pupil should refer to the "A.L." Scholar's English Dictionary, 100 pp., which contains nearly 14,000 words.

The *Modern Dictionary*, 800 pp., containing 49,180 words, 2,057 phrases, 832 foreign words and phrases, 791 abbreviations, including a 24-page supplement of new and additional words and phrases, and an 8-page appendix of classical and mythological names, will be found a valuable school-aid both in reading this book, and for general reading.

The *Shorter Modern Dictionary*, 396 pp., including a 16-page supplement of new and additional words and phrases, contains over 27,500 entries, and is specially designed to meet the wants of young readers.

UNGAVA.

CHAPTER I.

TROUBLE AT MOOSE FORT.

MOOSE Fort, the headquarters and dépôt of the fur-traders, who prosecute their traffic in almost all parts of the wild and uninhabited regions of North America, stands on an island near the mouth of Moose River.¹ Like all the establishments of the fur-traders, it is a solitary group of wooden buildings, far removed beyond the influences—almost beyond the ken—of the civilized world, and surrounded by the primeval wilderness, the only tenants of which were, at the time we write of,² a few scattered tribes of Muskigon Indians, and the wild animals whose flesh furnished them with food and whose skins constituted their sole wealth.

There were probably about thirty human beings at Moose, when Mr. George Stanley, one of the principal fur-traders of the place, received orders from the Governor³ to make preparations, and select men, for the purpose of proceeding many hundred miles deeper into the northern wilderness, and establishing a station on the distant, almost unknown, shores of Ungava Bay.⁴ No one at Moose had ever been there before; no one knew anything about the route, except from the vague report of a few Indians; and the only thing that was definitely known about the locality at all was, that its inhabitants were a few wandering tribes of Eskimos, who were at deadly feud with the Indians, and generally massacred all who came within their reach.

Mr. Stanley was nearly six feet high, forty years of age, and endued with a decision of character that, but for his quiet good humour, would have been deemed obstinacy. He was deliberate in all his movements, and exercised a control over his feelings that quite concealed his naturally enthusiastic disposition. Moreover, he was married, and had a daughter ten years of age. This might be thought a disadvantage in his present circumstances; but the Governor of the fur-traders, a most energetic and active ruler, thought otherwise. He recommended that the family should be left at Moose until an establishment had been built, and a winter passed at Ungava. Afterwards they could join him there.

Another leading man at Moose Fort was named Frank Morton. He was an inch taller than his friend Stanley, and equally powerful; fair-haired, blue-eyed, hilarious, romantic, twenty-two years of age, and so impulsive that, on hearing of the proposed expedition from one of his comrades, who happened to be present when Stanley was reading the dispatches, he sprang from his chair, which he upset, dashed out at the door, which he banged, and hurried to his friend's quarters in order to be first to volunteer his services as second in command; which offer was rendered unnecessary by Stanley exclaiming, the moment he entered the room,

"Ha, Frank, my lad, the very man I wanted to see! Here's a letter from headquarters ordering me off on an expedition to Ungava. Now, I want volunteers; will you go?"

It is needless to add that Frank's blue eyes sparkled with animation as he seized his friend's hand and replied, "To the North Pole if you like, or farther if need be!"

It was evening. The sun was gilding the top of the

flagstaff with a parting kiss, and the inhabitants of Moose Fort, having finished their daily toil, were making preparations for their evening meal. On the end of the wharf that jutted out into the stream was assembled a picturesque group of men, who, from the earnest manner in which they conversed, and the energy of their gesticulations, were evidently discussing a subject of more than ordinary interest. Most of them were clad in corduroy trousers, gartered below the knee with thongs of deer-skin, and coarse, striped cotton shirts, open at the neck, so as to expose their sunburnt breasts.

"No, no," exclaimed one of them, named Massan, a short, thick-set, powerful man. "I've seen more than enough o' these rascally Huskies."

"But, lads," said François, a young half-breed who had lately arrived at Moose, and whose intelligence, added to a grave, manly countenance and a tall, muscular frame, caused him to be regarded by his comrades as a sort of leader both in action and in council, "what do *you* think of the plan of our bourgeois?" For my part, I'm willing enough to go to any reasonable part o' the country where there are furs and Indians; but as for this Ungava, from what Massan says, there's neither Indians, nor furs, nor victuals—nothin' but rocks, and mountains, and eternal winter; and if we do get the Huskies about us, they'll very likely serve us as they did the last expedition to Richmond Gulf. You know that Monsieur Stanley said he would expect us to be ready with an answer to-night.—What think you, Gaspar? Shall we go, or shall we mutiny?"

"I'll be shot if I go to such a hole for the best bourgeois in the country," said the man addressed.

"You'll be dismissed the service if you don't," remarked Massan with a smile.

To this Gaspard vouchsafed no reply save a growl that, to say the best of it, did not sound amiable.

"Well, I think that we're all pretty much of one mind on the point," continued François; "and yet I feel half ashamed to refuse after all, especially when I see the good will with which Messieurs Stanley and Morton agree to go."

At that moment an exclamation from one of the men diverted the attention of the others.

"Look! the canoe."

"Aye, it's Monsieur Stanley's canoe. I saw him and Monsieur Morton start for the swamp this morning."

"I wonder what Dick Prince would have done in this business had he been here," said François to Massan in a low tone, as they stood watching the approach of the canoe.

"Can't say. I half think he would have gone."

"There's no chance of him coming back in time, I fear."

"None; unless he prevails on some goose to lend him a pair of wings for a day or two. He won't be back from the hunt for three weeks good."

In a few minutes more the canoe skimmed up to the wharf.

"Here, lads," cried Mr. Stanley, as he leaped ashore and dragged the canoe out of the water; "one of you come and lift this canoe up the bank, and take these geese to the kitchen."

Two of the men instantly hastened to obey, and Stanley, with the gun and paddles under his arm, proceeded towards the gateway of the fort. As he passed the group assembled on the wharf, he turned and said,

"You'll come to the hall in an hour, lads: I shall expect you to be ready with an answer by that time."

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"Aye, aye, sir," replied several of the men.

"But we won't go for all your expectations," said one in an undertone to a comrade.

"I should think not," whispered another.

"I'll be hanged, and burnt, and frozen if *I* do," said a third.

In the meantime, Mr. Stanley walked briskly towards his dwelling, and left the men to grumble over their troubles and continue their debate as to whether they should, or should not, agree to go on the pending expedition to the distant regions of Ungava.

CHAPTER II.

VOLUNTEERS.

On reaching his apartment, which was in an angle of the principal edifice in the fort, Mr. Stanley flung down his gun and paddles, and, drawing a chair close to his wife, who was working with her needle near a window, took her hand in his and heaved a deep sigh.

"And what perplexes you now, dear George?" she said, laying down her work, and looking up in his face with an earnest gaze.

"Nothing very serious," he replied with a smile; "only these fellows have taken it into their stupid heads that Ungava is worse than the land beyond the Styx;" and so, after the tough battle that I had with you this morning in order to prevail on you to remain here for a winter without me, I've had to fight another battle with them in order to get them to go on this expedition."

"Have you been victorious?" inquired Mrs. Stanley.

"No, not yet."

At that moment the door opened, and a little girl,

with bright eyes and flaxen hair, bounded into the room.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she said, holding up a sheet of paper, while a look of intense satisfaction beamed on her animated countenance, "see, I have drawn Chimo's portrait. Is it like, mamma? Do you think it like?"

"Come here, Eda, my darling, come to me," said Stanley, seating himself on a chair and extending his arms. Edith instantly left the portrait of the dog in her mother's possession, and, without waiting for an opinion as to its merits, ran to her father, jumped on his knee, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"Would you like to go, my pet," said her father, "to a country far, far away in the north, where there are high mountains and deep valleys, inhabited by beautiful reindeer, and large lakes and rivers filled with fish; where there is very little daylight all the long winter, and where there is scarcely any night all the long, bright summer? Would my Eda like to go there?"

As her father spoke, her eyes gradually expanded and looked straight into his, while her head turned slowly and very slightly to one side. As he concluded, she replied, "Oh! very, very, *very* much indeed," with a degree of energy that made both her parents laugh.

"I was going to tell Eda," said Mr. Stanley, "that you had arranged to follow me to that country next year, and that perhaps you would bring her along with you."

"Nay, George, you mistake. I did not arrange to do so—you only proposed the arrangement; but, to say truth, I don't like it, and I can't make up my mind to let you go without us. I cannot wait till next year."

"Well, well, Jessie, I have exhausted all my powers

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of persuasion. I leave it entirely to yourself to do as you think best."

At this moment the sound of deep voices was heard in the hall, which was separated from Stanley's quarters by a thin partition of wood. In a few seconds the door opened, and George Barney, the Irish butler and general factotum¹ to the establishment, announced that the "min was in the hall awaitin'."

Giving Eda a parting kiss, Stanley rose and entered the hall, where François, Massan, Gaspard, and several others were grouped in a corner. On their bourgeois entering, they doffed their bonnets and bowed.

"Well, lads," began Stanley, with a smile, "you've thought better of it, I hope, and have come to volunteer for this expedition——"

He checked himself and frowned, for he saw by their looks that they had come with quite a different intention. "What have you to say to me?" he continued abruptly.

The men looked uneasily at each other, and then fixed their eyes on François, who was evidently expected to be spokesman.

"Come, François, speak out," said Stanley; "if you have any objections, out with them; you're free to say what you please here."

As he spoke, and ere François could reply, Frank Morton entered the room. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as he deposited his rifle in a corner and flung his cap on the table, "in time, I see, to help at the council!"

"I was just asking François to state his objections to going," said Stanley, as his young friend took his place beside him.

"Objections!" repeated Frank. "What objections can bold spirits have to go on a bold adventure? The

question should have been, 'Who will be first to volunteer?' "

At this moment the door of Stanley's apartment opened, and his wife appeared, leading Eda by the hand.

"Here are two volunteers," she said, with a smile; "pray put us at the head of your list. We will go with you to any part of the world!"

"Bravo!" shouted Frank, catching up Eda, with whom he was a great favourite, and hugging her tightly in his arms.

"Nay, but, wife, this is sheer folly. You know not the dangers that await you——"

"Perhaps not," interrupted Mrs. Stanley; "but *you* know them, and that is enough for me."

"Indeed, Jessie, I know them not. I can but guess at them.—But, ah! well, it is useless to argue further. Be it so; we shall head the list with you and Eda."

"And put my name next," said a deep-toned voice from behind the other men. All turned round in surprise.

"Dick Prince!" they exclaimed. "You here?"

"Aye, lads," said a tall man of about forty, who was not so remarkable for physical development (though in this respect he was by no means deficient) as for a certain decision of character that betrayed itself in every outline of his masculine, intelligent countenance—"aye, lads, I'm here; an' sorry am I that I've jist comed in time to hear that you're sich poor-spirited rascals as to hang back when ye should jump for'ard."

"But how came you so opportunely, Prince?" inquired Stanley.

"I met an Injin, sir, as told me you was goin' off; so I thought you might want me, and comed straight back. And now, sir, I'm ready to go; and so is François," he continued, turning to that individual, who

seized his hand and exclaimed, "That am I, my boy, —to the moon if ye like."

"And Massan, too," continued Prince.

"All right; book me for Nova Zembla,"¹ replied that worthy.

"So, so," cried Mr. Stanley, with a satisfied smile.

"I see, lads, that we're all of one mind now. Is it not so? Are we agreed?"

"Agreed! agreed!" they replied with one voice.

"That's well," he continued. "Now then, lads, clear out and get your kits ready.—And ho! Barney, give these men a glass of grog.—Prince, I shall want to talk with you this evening. Come to me an hour hence.—And now," he added, taking Eda by the hand, "come along, my gentle volunteers; let's go to supper."

CHAPTER III.

THE START.

Preparations for the expedition were vigorously pushed forward; and, the morning after these were completed, the party of voyagers assembled on the beach.

The gray light of early morning brightened into dawn, and the first clear ray of the rising sun swept over a scene more beautiful than ever filled the fancy of the most imaginative poet of the Temperate Zones. The sky was perfectly unclouded, and the surface of the sea was completely covered with masses of ice, whose tops were pure white like snow, and their sides a delicate greenish-blue, their dull, frosted appearance forming a striking contrast to the surrounding water, which shone, when the sun glanced upon it, like burnished silver.

The entire population of Moose Fort was gathered to witness the departure of the expedition. The party consisted of fifteen souls. As we shall follow them to the icy regions of Ungava, it may be worth while to rehearse their names, in order as follows:—

MR. and MRS. STANLEY and EDITH.

FRANK MORTON.

MASSAN, the guide.

DICK PRINCE, principal hunter to the party.

LA ROCHE, Stanley's servant and cook.

BRYAN, the blacksmith.

FRANÇOIS, the carpenter.

OOLIBUCK,

AUGUSTUS, } Eskimo interpreters.

MOSES,

GASPARD, labourer and fisherman.

OOSTESIMOW,

MA-ISTEQUAN, } Indian guides and hunters.

The craft in which these were about to embark were three canoes, two of which were large and one small. They were made of birch bark, a substance which is tough, light, and buoyant, and therefore admirably adapted for the construction of craft that have not only to battle against strong and sometimes shallow currents, but have frequently to be carried on the shoulders of their crews over rocks and mountains. The largest canoe was sixteen feet long by five feet broad in the middle, narrowing gradually towards the bow and stern to a sharp edge. Its loading consisted of bales, kegs, casks, and bundles of goods and provisions; each bale or cask weighed exactly 90 lbs., and was called a *piece*. There were fifteen *pieces* in the canoe, besides the crew of six men, and Mr. Stanley and his family, who occupied the centre, where their bedding, tied up in flat bundles

and covered with oilcloth, formed a comfortable couch. Notwithstanding the size and capacity of this craft, it had been carried down to the beach on the shoulders of Massan and Dick Prince, who now stood at its bow and stern, preventing it with their paddles from rubbing its frail sides against the wharf.

The second canoe was in all respects similar to the one we have described, excepting that it was a few inches shorter. The third was much smaller—so small that it could not contain more than three men, with their provisions and a few bales, and so light that it could with the greatest ease be carried on the shoulders of one man. It was intended to serve as a sort of pioneer and hunting craft, which should lead the way, dart hither and thither in pursuit of game, and warn the main body of any danger that should threaten them ahead. It was manned by the two Indian guides, and by Frank Morton, who, being acknowledged one of the best shots of the party, was by tacit understanding¹ regarded as commissary-general.²

On seeing Stanley and his wife and child approaching, Massan gave the order to embark. In a moment every man divested himself of his capote,³ which he folded up and placed on the seat he was to occupy; then, shaking hands all round for the last time, they stepped lightly and carefully into their places.

"All ready, I see, Massan," said Stanley, as he came up, "and the ice seems pretty open. How say you? Shall we make a good day of it?"

"It'll be full flood in less nor half an hour," he replied, "and—(take care, Miss Edith, give me your little hand; there, now, jump light)—and we'll be past the p'int by that time, and get the good o' the ebb till sundown."

"I fear," said Frank Morton, approaching, "that the ice is rather thick for us; but it don't much matter, it will only delay us a bit—and at any rate we'll make good way as far as the point."

"True, true," said Stanley; "and it's a great matter to get fairly started. Once off, we must go forward. All ready, lads?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now, Frank, into your canoe and show us the way; mind, we trust to your guidance to keep us clear of blind alleys among these lanes of water in the ice."

At this moment Edith—who had been for the last few minutes occupied in alternately drying her eyes and kissing her hands to a group of little children who had been her playfellows during her sojourn at the fort—uttered a loud exclamation.

"Oh! oh! papa, mamma—Chimo!—we've forgot Chimo! Oh me! don't go away yet!"

"So we have!" said her father. "Dear me, how stupid to forget our old friend!—Hallo! Frank, Frank, we've forgot the dog," shouted Stanley to his young comrade, who was on the point of starting.

On hearing this, Frank gave a long, shrill whistle. "That'll bring him if he's within ear-shot," he remarked.

"Ah, here he comes!—good dog!" cried Frank, as the animal came bounding over intervening obstacles towards the canoes. Chimo swept past the light canoe, and, bounding into that of Mr. Stanley, lay down beside Eda and placed his head on her lap, where it was immediately smothered in the caresses of its young mistress.

Mr. Stanley smiled and patted his little girl on the shoulder, as he said, "That's right, Eda; the love of a faithful dog is worth having and cherishing." Then, turning towards the stern of the canoe, where Massan

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stood erect, with his steering paddle ready for action, he said to that worthy,

"Now, Massan, all ready; give the word."

"Ho, ho, boys; forward!"

The paddles dipped simultaneously in the water with a loud, gurgling sound; the two large canoes shot out into the stream abreast of each other, preceded by the light one, which, urged forward by the powerful arms of Frank and the two Indians, led the way among the floating fields of ice. The people on shore took off their caps and waved a last farewell. Dick Prince, who possessed a deep, loud, sonorous voice, began one of those beautiful and wild yet plaintive songs peculiar to the *voyageurs*¹ of the wilderness. The men joined, with a full, rich swell, in the chorus, as they darted forward with arrow-like speed—and the voyage began.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST ENCAMPMENT.

Fortunately the wind veered round to the south-east soon after the departure of the canoes from Moose Fort, and although there was not enough of it to ruffle the surface of the river, it had the effect of checking the influx of ice from James's Bay. The tide, too, began to ebb, so that the progress of the canoes was even more rapid than it appeared to be; and long before the sun set, they were past the point at the mouth of the river, and coasting along the shores of the salt ocean.

Eda rested her fair cheek on the shaggy brow of Chimo, and accompanied him to the land of nod, until the sun began to sink behind the icebergs on the seaward horizon, where a dark line indicated an approaching breeze.

Massan cast an uneasy glance at this from time to time. At length he called to his friend in the bow, "Hallo, Prince ! will it come stiff, think ye ?"

"No," replied Prince, rising and shading his eyes with his hand ; "it'll be only a puff ; but that's enough to drive the ice down on us, an' shut up the open water."

"It's my 'pinion," said Massan, "that we should hold away for the p'int yonder, an' camp there."

Dick Prince nodded assent, and resumed his paddle.

As he did so, the report of a gun came sharply over the water.

"Ha !" exclaimed Stanley, looking out ahead ; "what's that ?"

"Only Mr. Frank," said Massan, "he's brought down two birds. I see'd them splash into the water."

"That's right," said Stanley ; "we shall have something fresh for the kettle to-night."

By this time the two large canoes had drawn gradually nearer to the leading one. As they approached, Frank ordered his men to cease paddling.

"Well, Frank, what success ?" said Stanley, as they came up.

"There's our supper," cried Frank, tossing a large duck into the canoe ; "and there's a bite for the men," he added, sending a huge grey goose into the midst of them. "I saw a herd of reindeer on the other side of the point ; but the ice closed up the passage, and prevented me from getting within range. It will stop our further progress for to-night too ; so I waited to advise you to camp here."

"There it comes !" cried Dick Prince. "Jump out on the ice, lads, and unload as fast as you can."

As Dick spoke he sprang on to a field of ice which was attached to the shore, and, drawing the canoe along-

side, began hastily to remove the cargo. His example was instantly followed by the men, who sprang over the gunwales like cats; and in less than five minutes the cargoes were scattered over the ice. Meanwhile, the breeze which Massan had observed began to freshen, and the seaward ice bore rapidly down on the shore, gradually narrowing and filling up the lanes of water among which the travellers had been hitherto wending their way. Dick Prince's sudden action was caused by his observing a large, solid field, which bore down on them with considerable rapidity. His warning was just in time, for the goods were scarcely landed and the three canoes lifted out of the water, when the ice closed in with a crash that would have ground the frail barks to pieces, and the passage was closed up. So completely was every trace of water obliterated, that it seemed as though there never had been any there before.

The spot where they were thus suddenly arrested in their progress was a small bay, formed by a low point which jutted from the mainland, and shut out the prospect in advance. There was little or no wood on the point except a few stunted willows, which, being green and small, would not, as La Roche, the cook, remarked, "make a fire big enough to roast the wing of a mosquito." There was no help for it, however. The spot on which Massan had resolved to encamp for the night was three miles on the other side of the point, and as the way was now solid ice instead of water, there was no possibility of getting there until a change of wind should drive the ice off the shore. Moreover, it was now getting dark, and it behoved them to make their preparations with as much speed as possible.

But it was some time ere a suitable place for their encampment could be found, as the point happened to

be low and swampy. At last, after a long search, Frank Morton found a spot pretty well adapted for their purpose. It was an elevated plot of gravel, which was covered with a thin carpet of herbage, and surrounded by a belt of willows which proved a sufficient shelter against the wind. A low and rather shaggy willow-tree spread its branches over the spot, and gave to it a good deal of the feeling and appearance of shelter, if not much of the reality. This was of little consequence, however, as the night proved fine and comparatively mild, so that the black vault of heaven, spangled with hosts of brilliant stars, amply compensated for the want of a leafy canopy.

Under the willow a tent was pitched for Mr. Stanley and his family, and a fire was soon kindled. La Roche speedily got the supper ready for the Stanleys and Frank Morton, while Bryan, the blacksmith, did the same for the men. The whole party had a hearty meal, and then lay down for a night's rest.

CHAPTER V.

WRECKED ON A SANDBANK.

Ice, ice, ice ! everything seemed to have been converted into ice when the day broke on the following morning, and awoke the sleepers in the camp. A sharp frost during the night, accompanied by a fall of snow, had, as if by magic, converted spring into winter.

Although the sea was covered with ice, there were, nevertheless, several lanes of open water not far from the shore ; so that when Stanley called a council, composed of Frank Morton, Dick Prince, and Massan, it was agreed unanimously that they should attempt to proceed. And it was well that they did so ; for they had not advanced many miles, winding their way cautiously

among the canals of open water, when they doubled a promontory, beyond which there was little or no ice to be seen.

During all this day, and for many days following, they continued to enjoy fine weather and to make rapid progress.

But then the weather began to change. Dick Prince, whose black eye was ever roving about observantly, told Massan that a storm was brewing, and that the sooner he put ashore in a convenient spot the better. But Stanley was anxious to get on, having a long journey before him, at the termination of which there would be little enough time to erect a sufficient protection against the winter of the north; so he continued to advance along shore until they came to a point beyond which there was a very deep bay that would take them many hours to coast. By making a traverse,¹ however, in a direct line to the next point, they might cross it in a much shorter time.

"How say you, Prince? Shall we cross?" asked Stanley, as they rested on their paddles and cast furtive glances up at the dark clouds and across the still quiet bay.

Prince shook his head. "I fear we won't have time to cross. The clouds are driving too fast and growin' black."

"Well, then, we had better encamp," said Stanley.— "Is there a proper place, Massan, hereabouts?"

"No, sir," replied the guide. "The stones on the beach are the only pillows within six mile o' us."

"Ho! then, forward, boys, make a bold push for it," cried Stanley. "If it does begin to blow before we're over, we can run back again at all events."

In another moment the canoes swept out to sea, and

made for the point far ahead like race-horses. Although the clouds continued to gather, the wind did not rise, and it seemed as though they would get over easily, when a sudden gust came off the shore—a direction whence, from the appearance of the clouds, it had not been expected. Ruffling the surface of the water for a few seconds, it passed away.

“Give way,¹ boys, give way,” cried Massan, using his large steering paddle with a degree of energy that sent the canoe plunging forward. “We can’t go back, an’ if the storm bursts off the shore——”

A loud peal of thunder drowned the remainder of the sentence, and in a few seconds the wind that had been dreaded came whistling violently off the shore and covered the sea with foam. The waves soon began to rise, and ere long the frail barks, which were ill calculated to weather a storm, were careering over them and shipping water at every plunge.

For a considerable time the men strained every nerve to gain the wished-for point of land, but with so little success that it became evident they would never reach it. The men began to show signs of flagging, and cast uneasy glances towards Stanley, as if they had lost all hope of accomplishing their object, and waited for him to suggest what they should do.

“God help us!” murmured Stanley, in an undertone, as he scanned the seaward horizon, which was covered with leaden clouds and streaks of lurid² light, beneath which the foaming sea leaped furiously.

The waves had now increased to such a degree that it required two of the men to bail incessantly in order to prevent their being swamped, and as Stanley cast a hurried glance at the other canoes, which were not far off, he observed that it was as much as they could do to

keep afloat. "Could we not run back, Massan?" asked Stanley, in despair.

"Unposs'ble, sir," replied the guide, whose voice was almost drowned by the whistling of the wind. "We're more nor half-way over, an' it would only blow us farther out to sea if we was to try."

While the guide spoke, Stanley was gazing earnestly in the direction of the horizon.

"Round with you, Massan," he exclaimed suddenly; "put the canoe about and paddle straight out to sea.—Hallo!" he shouted to the other canoes, "follow us out to sea—straight out."

The men looked aghast at this extraordinary order. "Look alive, lads," continued their leader; "I see an island away there to leeward. Perhaps it's only a rock, but any way it's our only chance." The canoes' heads were turned round, and in another moment they were driving swiftly before the wind towards the open sea.

With such a breeze urging them on, the three canoes soon approached what appeared to be a low sandbank, on which the sea was dashing in white foam.

The island appeared to grow larger as they neared it, and at last they were within a stone's-throw of the shore. But a new danger assailed them here. The largest canoe, which neared the island first, had begun to leak, and took in water so fast that the utmost efforts of those who bailed could not keep it under, and from the quantity that was now shipped they made very little way. To add to the horror of the scene, the sky became very dark, and another crash of thunder pealed forth, accompanied by a blinding flash of lightning.

"Paddle, boys, paddle for your lives!" cried Stanley, throwing off his coat, and seizing a tin dish, with which he began to throw out the water.

At length, after much difficulty and danger—the upsetting of Stanley's canoe, and the smashing of Frank's—the whole party reached the land in safety, and they then turned their energies towards the bales and boxes which were rolling about in the surf.

In less than half an hour the men piled the bales and boxes in front of the largest canoe, which was turned bottom up, and secured firmly in that position by an embankment of sand. Over the top of all oilcloths were spread and lashed down, thus forming a complete shelter, large enough to contain the whole party. At one end of this curious house Mr. Stanley made a separate apartment for his wife and child, by placing two large bales and a box as a partition.

After such a day of unusual fatigue and excitement, they all felt more inclined for rest than food ; so, instead of taking supper, they all lay down huddled together under the canoe, and slept soundly, while the angry winds whistled round them, and the great sea roared and lashed itself into foam on the beach, as if disappointed that the little band of adventurers had escaped and were now beyond the reach of its impotent¹ fury.

The next day was quite calm and fine, and it was decided to remain on the sandbank in order to dry the goods, and mend the large canoes, whose torn sides and damaged ribs bore sad testimony to the violence of the storm.

It was sunset before all was put in complete order, the goods repacked, and placed in readiness for a start at daybreak on the following morning. After all was done, the remains of the small canoe were converted into a bonfire, round which the tired and hungry travellers assembled to smoke and chat, while supper was being prepared by the indefatigable² Bryan and his friend La

Roche. As the day faded away, the stars came out, one by one, until they glittered in millions in the sky, while the glare of the fire became every moment more and more intense as the darkness deepened. It was a strange, wild scene—especially when viewed from the extremity of the little sandbank, which was so low as to be almost indiscernible¹ in the dark night, and seemed scarce a sufficient foundation for the little, busy group of human beings who stood radiant in the red light of their camp-fire, like a blazing gem cast upon the surface of the great, cold sea.

As if to make amends for its late outrageous conduct, the weather, after the night of the great storm, continued unbrokenly serene for many days, enabling our travellers to make rapid progress towards their destination.

Soon after leaving the sandbank, they reached the Deer River,² and, ascending this, they penetrated into the interior of the country, which became more savage and mountainous as they left the coast.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INDIAN RAID.

Turn we now to another, a more distant, and a wilder scene. Near the bleak shores of Hudson's Straits there flows a river which forms an outlet to the superfluous waters of the almost unknown territory lying between the uninhabited parts of Labrador and that tract of desert land which borders Hudson's Bay on the east, and is known to the fur-traders by the appellation³ of East Main. This river is called the Caniapuscaw, and discharges itself into Ungava Bay.

The scene to which we would turn the reader's attention is upwards of twenty miles from the mouth of

this river, at a particular bend, where the stream spreads itself out into a sheet of water almost worthy of being called a lake, and just below which two bold cliffs shut out the seaward view, and cause an abrupt narrowing of the river. The scene is peculiar, and surpassingly grand. On each side of the stream majestic mountains raise their bald and rugged peaks almost into the clouds.

At the upper end of the lake (as we shall hereafter call this wide part of the river) lies a low island, fringed with a scanty growth of willows; and not far from this, on the eastern bank of the river, lies a small patch of level sand. This spot is somewhat peculiar, inasmuch as it is backed by a low platform of rock, whose surface is smooth as a table. At the foot of this rock bubbles a little spring, which, meandering¹ through a tangled spot of stunted shrubbery ere it mingles with the sand, gives unusual greenness and vitality to the surrounding herbage. On the edge of this rocky platform sat a young man, about twenty-three years of age.

It was evening. The declining sun shot its last few rays over the brow of the opposite mountains, and bathed him in mellow light, as he sat apparently contemplating the scene before him. The man's costume bespoke him a native of the savage region in the midst of which he seemed the only human being. But, although an Eskimo, he exhibited several physical peculiarities not commonly supposed to belong to that people. To an altitude of six feet three he added a breadth of shoulder and expansion of chest seldom equalled among men of more highly-favoured climes.

By his side lay a long hunting spear, and a double-bladed paddle, fully fifteen feet long; which latter belonged to a *kayak*, or Eskimo canoe, that lay on the

sand close to the water's edge. Sitting there, motionless as the rocks around him, the giant looked like a colossal statue of an Eskimo. He was no figure of stone, however, but a veritable human being, as was proved by his starting suddenly from his reverie, and hastening to his canoe, in which he sped like an arrow from the shore.

The little craft, obedient to the powerful impulse, combined as it was with the current of the ebb-tide, flew rather than floated toward the narrows, through which it passed, and opened up a view of the ice-encumbered waters of Ungava Bay. Directing his course along the western shores of the river, the Eskimo speedily reached the coast at a point where several low, rough-built summer huts clustered near the shore. Here he ran his *kayak* into a little creek, and, having lifted it beyond the tide mark, betook himself to his dwelling.

Scarcely had he proceeded a few steps along the shore, when he was met by a young girl who laid her hand on his arm. Taking her gently by the shoulders, he drew her towards him and kissed her on both cheeks. But the Eskimo had other matters than love in his head just then, and, as they walked slowly towards the huts, and he continued to whisper in her ear, the girl's face assumed a grave and somewhat anxious look.

At the little hamlet they separated, and the maiden went to her grandfather's abode; while her lover, lifting the skin-curtain door of a rudely-constructed hut, entered his own humble dwelling. The room was empty, and its owner did not seem as if he meant to cheer it with his presence long. In one corner lay a pile of miscellaneous articles, which he removed, and, taking the tusk of a walrus, which lay near his hand, began to dig with it in the sand. In a few seconds it struck a hard substance, and the Eskimo, putting his hand in the hole drew

forth a glittering axe, upon which he gazed with supreme satisfaction.

Having made sure that the axe was free from all rust, he stuck it into a belt of raw hide, which he put on for the express purpose of sustaining it, as Eskimos do not generally wear belts. He then sallied forth, and walked with the air of a man who wears the grand cross of the Legion of Honour.¹ As he entered the hut in which lived the oldest man of the tribe, the shade of anxiety which had clouded his brow more than once during the day, again rested on his face. On entering, he observed the old Eskimo listening with anxious countenance to the young girl—Aneetka by name—whom we have already introduced to the reader, and who was the old fellow's granddaughter.

"The spirits o' the wind and sea protect us, and may the god o' the mist cover us!" said the old man, as the young Eskimo sat down on a dead seal beside him. "Is it true that you saw the men of fire?"

This was, of course, said in the language of the Eskimo, and we render it as literally as possible.

"Yes, it is true," replied the young man. "I saw them at the rapid water in Caniapuscaw, and I took *kayak* to bring the news."

Various exclamations of mingled surprise and anger escaped from the compressed lips of several stalwart natives, who had crowded into the tent on hearing of the arrival of their comrade.

"Yes," continued the young man, "we must go away this night. They had fire-tubes, and there were thirty men. We have only ten."

Again a murmur ran through the listeners, but no one spoke for a few seconds.

"Did they see you?" asked the old man anxiously.

"No. I came on them suddenly, when I was chasing deer, and almost ran into their camp: but I saw, and fell in the grass. I thought the chief raised his head quickly when I fell; but he looked down again, and I crawled away."

In this the young Eskimo was mistaken. The fact was that no sooner had he retired than he was closely followed and watched by the whole party. They could have easily shot him, but refrained from doing so, that he might unwittingly be their guide to the habitations of his people. The rapid flight of his *kayak* distanced his pursuers at first, but they made up for this during an hour or two in the night, when the tired Eskimo allowed himself a short season of repose to recruit his energies for the following day's journey. During this period the Indians shot far ahead of him, and when he arrived at the coast next day they were not much in the rear.

"And now, old man," said our young Eskimo, "it is time that I should have my wife. If the Allat' come here to-night, as I know they will, I want to have a right to defend her, and carry her away when we flee. Are you willing?"

"What will you give me?" said the grandfather, looking up.

The young man answered by drawing the axe from his belt, and laying it on the ground before him. The old man's eyes glistened with pleasure as he surveyed the costly gift.

"Good; that will do. Take her and go."

A second bidding was not needed. The young man arose hastily, took his blushing bride by the hand, and led her from the tent of her grandfather towards his own. Here she set to work instantly to assist her husband in hurriedly packing up their goods and chattels; and,

immediately afterwards, the little village became a perfect Babel¹ of confusion, as the alarmed inhabitants, on learning the threatened danger, prepared for instant flight. In less than an hour the most of them were ready. The men launched their *kayaks*, while the women, having loaded their *oomiaks* with their goods, tossed their dogs and children on the top of them.

The *oomiak*, or women's boat, is quite a different affair from the *kayak*, in which the men travel singly. It is usually made large and capacious, in order to hold the entire household of the Eskimo. Like the *kayak*, it is made of skin, but has no covering above, and is propelled by means of short single-bladed paddles, which are worked by the women, upon whom devolves the entire care and management of the *oomiak*. It is a clumsy affair to look at, but, like the boats of savages generally, it is uncommonly useful and a good sea-boat.

While the Eskimos were busied in completing their arrangements, one of the dogs rushed towards the bushes that lined the shore just behind the village, and barked vociferously.² Instantly it was joined by the whole pack, and the Eskimos, who, ever since they had heard of the nearness of their Indian foes, were in a state of the utmost trepidation,³ made a general rush towards their canoes. Before they reached them, however, a volley of musketry was fired from the bushes, and three of their number—a man and two women—filled the air with their death-shriek, as they fell dead upon the beach; while the Indians sprang from their concealment, and, brandishing their knives and tomahawks, rushed with a fearful yell upon the terror-stricken Eskimos.

In the tumult that followed, Aneetka was made prisoner, and her husband fell wounded on the beach, so close to the water that he stumbled into it, and, fortun-

ately, not a yard distant from an *oomiak* which the women were frantically thrusting into the sea. They had no time to lift so heavy a weight on board ; but, as the light craft darted from the shore, an old woman, who had often received kind attentions from the good-natured youth, leant over the stern and seized him by the hair. In this manner he was dragged through the water until they were out of gun-shot, when he was lifted inside and laid beside the dogs and children.

Meanwhile the Indians had rushed into the water up to their middle, in the hope of catching the last of the little fleet, but without success. Mad with disappointed rage, they waded back to the shore, set fire to the village, and then, taking Aneetka with them, retraced their steps to the hunting-grounds of the Cree Indians'.

CHAPTER VII.

EXPLORING.

Three weeks after the departure of the Eskimos from the neighbourhood of Ungava Bay, the echoes of these solitudes were awakened by the merry song of the Canadian *voyageurs*, as the two canoes of Stanley and his comrades swept down the stream and approached the spring at the foot of the flat rock.

As the large canoe ran its bow lightly on the sand, the first man who leaped ashore was La Roche. He seemed even more sprightly and active than formerly, but was a good deal darker in complexion, and much travel-stained. Indeed, the whole party bore marks of having roughed it pretty severely for some time past among the mountains. Edith's face was decidedly darker than when she left Moose, and the short frock considerably shorter in consequence of tear and wear.

After a brief interval, the bow of the other canoe grated on the sand, and Frank Morton leaped ashore.

"Capital place to camp, Frank," said Stanley, who had just finished pitching the tent on the scrim¹ herbage that forced its way through the sand. "There's a splendid spring of pure water below yonder rock. I've just left my wife and Eda busy with the tea-cups, and La Roche preventing them from getting things ready, by way of helping them."

"It does indeed seem a good place," replied Frank, "and might do for temporary headquarters, perhaps, while we make excursions to the coast to fix on a spot for our new home."

Stanley gazed contemplatively around him as his friend spoke. "Hand me the telescope, Frank; it strikes me we are nearer the sea than you think. The water here is brackish, and yonder opening in the mountains might reveal something beyond, if magnified by the glass."

After a lengthened survey of the surrounding hills, Frank and Stanley came to the conclusion that they could make nothing of it, at least that night; and as it was becoming gradually dark, they resolved to postpone all further consideration of the subject till the next day.

The following day was an era in the existence of the travellers. For the first time since commencing their arduous voyage, the cargoes were left behind, and the canoes paddled away, light and buoyant, on a trip of investigation. Stanley had rightly judged that they were now near the sea, and the great breadth of the river led him to believe that there might be water sufficient to float a vessel in which the goods for the station were to be forwarded. If this should turn out as he

expected, there could not be a better spot for establishing a fort than that on which they had encamped, as it was situated just below the last rapids of the river; had a fine spring of fresh water in its vicinity; and was protected from the cold blasts of winter, to some extent at least, by the surrounding mountains.

"Now, Frank," added Mr. Stanley, after stating his opinion on this point, "what I mean to do is this: I shall take the large canoe, with Dick Prince, François, Gaspard, La Roche, and Augustus—the last to interpret should we fall in with Eskimos, whom I am surprised not to have found hereabouts. With these I will proceed to the sea, examine the coast, observe whether there be any place suitable for building on, and, if all goes well, be back to supper before sunset. You will take the other canoe, with Bryan, Massan, Oolibuck, and Ma-istequan, and proceed down the opposite side of the river a short way. Examine the shores there, and above the island; see whether there be any place better than where we stand for a permanent residence; and at night we shall compare notes. My wife and Eda shall remain in camp under the care of Oostesimow and Moses.

"While you are examining the other side of the water, you will keep as much as possible within eye-shot, and always within ear-shot of the camp. In a still day like this a gun-shot can be heard five or six miles off; and should you see any sign of the natives having been here recently, return instantly to the camp."

Frank promised implicit obedience to these instructions, and the whole party then set to work to pile the goods on a ledge in the steep cliffs behind the spring, so that a fortress was soon formed, which, with two such stout and courageous men as Moses and Oostesimow, armed with two guns each, a brace of pistols, two cut-

lasses, and an ample supply of ammunition, could have stood a prolonged siege from much more practised enemies than Indians or Eskimos. After having completed these defensive arrangements, and provided occupation for those who remained in camp, by laying on them the duty of having the goods examined, in order to see that nothing had been damaged by wet or rough usage, the two canoes pushed from the shore, and bounded lightly away, while the men sang merrily at their easy labour; for now that the canoes were light, they might have been propelled by two men. Frank directed his course obliquely up the river, towards the island already alluded to, and Stanley proceeded with the current towards the narrows beyond which he expected to catch sight of the sea.

After passing above the island, which was found to be low and thinly covered with vegetation and a few scrubby bushes, Frank and his men pushed over to the other side and proceeded carefully to examine the coast. It was found to be much the same as that which they had just left.

A discovery of a very satisfactory kind was made—namely, the tracks of deer, which were so fresh as to induce Frank to take his rifle and mount the ravine in search of the animals, accompanied by Massan, whose natural temperament was exceedingly prone to enjoy the excitement of the chase. Frank's rifle soon brought down a fine deer, with at least two inches of fat on its flanks. Massan bled it, and then, having placed it on his shoulders, returned with his companion to the canoe.

While Frank was thus engaged, Stanley had descended towards the shores of Ungava Bay, which he found to be about twenty-five miles distant from the encampment beside the spring. He made a rapid survey

of the coast as they descended, and sounded the river at intervals. When he reached its mouth, he had made two important discoveries. The one was, that there did not seem to be a spot along the whole line of coast so well fitted in all respects for an establishment as the place whereon their tents were already pitched. The other was, that the river, from its mouth up to that point, was deep enough to float a vessel of at least three or four hundred tons burden. This was very satisfactory, and he was about to return to the camp, when he came upon the deserted Eskimo village which, a few weeks before, had been the scene of a murderous attack and a hasty flight. In the hope that the natives might yet return before winter, he set up a pole on a conspicuous place, and tied to the top of it a bag containing two dozen knives, one dozen fire-steels, some awls and needles, several pounds of beads, and a variety of such trinkets as were most likely to prove acceptable to a savage people.

The party then returned to the camp.

Here they found things in a most satisfactory state. Frank and his party had returned, and the deer, now cut up into joints and steaks, was impaled on a number of stakes of wood, and stuck up to roast round a large and cheering fire.

There was much talk and loud laughter round the fire that night, for the different parties had much to tell and much to hear regarding the discoveries that had been made, and discussions as to the prospects of the expedition were earnest and long. It was generally admitted that first appearances were, upon the whole, favourable, although it could not be denied that the place looked dreadfully barren and rugged. Under the happy influence of this impression, and the happier

influence of the savoury steaks on which they had supped, the entire party lay down to rest, and slept so profoundly that there was neither sound nor motion to indicate the presence of human beings in the vast solitudes of Ungava, save the fitful flame of the fire as it rose and fell, casting a lurid light on the base of the rugged mountains, and a sharp reflection on the dark waters.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORT CHIMO.

When the sun rose on the following morning the whole party was astir, the fire lighted, and an early breakfast in course of preparation. Much had to be done, and it behoved them to set about it with energy and at once, for the short autumn of these arctic regions was drawing on apace, and a winter of great length and of the utmost severity lay before them.

After breakfast Stanley assembled his men, and gave each special directions what to do. One of the most important points to ascertain was whether there were many fish in the river. On this hung much of the future comfort and well-being, perhaps even the existence, of the party. Gaspard was, therefore, ordered to get out his nets and set them opposite the encampment. Oolibuck, being officially an interpreter of the Eskimo language, and, when not employed in his calling, regarded as a maid-of-all-work, was ordered to assist Gaspard. The next matter of primary importance was to ascertain what animals inhabited the region, and whether they were numerous.

Having received instructions from their leader, the various parties set off, and were away for the day.

Towards evening, the men began to return, all

carrying some spoils of the chase; and, after supper, they gave an account of their expeditions.

The evidence of the various exploring parties, when summed up, was undoubtedly most satisfactory, and while it relieved the minds of the leaders of the band, it raised and cheered the spirits of the men. Timber, although not plentiful or very large, was to be had close to the spot where they proposed to erect their fort; game of all kinds swarmed in the mountains in abundance; and the lakes and rivers were well stocked with excellent fish; so that, upon the whole, they considered that they had made an auspicious commencement to their sojourn in the land of the Eskimos.

The band of fur-traders now set earnestly about the erection of their winter dwelling.

The future fort was begun on the centre of the level patch of greensward at the foot of the flat rock by the spring, where the party had originally encamped. A square was traced on the ground to indicate the stockade; and, within this, Stanley marked off an oblong patch, close to the back stockade, for the principal dwelling-house, facing the river. Two other spaces were on either side of this—one for a store, the other for a dwelling for the men. When finished, the fort would thus have the form of three sides of a square surrounded by a stockade. In the centre of this, and the first thing that was erected, was a flag-staff, on which the H.B.C.¹ flag was hoisted, and saluted with three cheers, as its crimson folds fluttered out on the breeze for the first time. The plan on which the houses were constructed was that on which all the dwellings of the fur-traders are built—namely, a framework of timber, the interstices² of which are filled up with logs sliding into grooves cut in the main posts and beams. This manner of building is

so simple that a house can be erected without any other instruments than an axe, an auger, and a large chisel ; and the speed with which it is put up would surprise those whose notions of house-building are limited to stone edifices.

On the 25th of September, Stanley was standing on the beach, opposite the fort, watching with a smile of satisfaction the fair, happy face of his daughter, as she amused herself and Chimo by throwing a stick into the water, which the latter dutifully brought out and laid at her feet as often as it was thrown in. Frank was also watching them.

"What shall we call the fort, Frank ?" said his companion. "We have a Fort Good Hope, and a Fort Resolution, and a Fort Enterprise already. It seems as if all the vigorous and hearty words in the English language were used up in naming the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company. What shall we call it ?"

"Chimo ! Chimo ! Chimo !" shouted Edith to the dog, as the animal bounded along the beach.

Both gentlemen seemed to be struck with the same idea simultaneously.

"There's an answer to your question," said Frank ; "call the fort 'Chimo.'"

"The very thing !" replied Stanley. "Nothing could be more appropriate. I salute thee, Fort Chimo," and Stanley lifted his cap to the establishment.

In order that the peculiar appropriateness of the name may appear to the reader, it may be as well to explain that *Chimo* (the *i* and *o* of which are sounded long) is an Eskimo word of salutation, and is used by the natives when they meet with strangers. It signifies, *Are you friendly ?* by those who speak first, and seems to imply, *We are friendly*, when returned as an answer.

On the same day the H.B.C. schooner, now long overdue, made its appearance, with supplies for the fort.

Cheer upon cheer rose and fell, and rose again, among the mountains of Ungava, as the ship approached the wharf. Even Edith's tiny voice helped to swell the enthusiastic shout; and more than one cheer was choked by the rising tide of emotion that forced the tears down more than one bronzed cheek, despite the iron wills that bade them not to flow.

The scene at Fort Chimo was more bustling and active than ever during the week that followed the arrival of the schooner.

When the work of discharging the cargo was completed, and while Stanley and the captain were standing on the beach watching the removal of the last boat-load to the store, the former said to the latter:—"Now, captain, I have a favour to request, which is that you and your two mates will dine with me to-morrow. Your men will be the better of a day's rest after such a long spell of hard work. You could not well get away till the evening of to-morrow at any rate, on account of the tide, and it will be safer and more pleasant to start early on the day after."

"I shall be most happy," replied the captain heartily.

"That's right," said Stanley. "Dinner will be ready by four o'clock precisely; and give my compliments to your crew, and say that my men will expect them all to dinner at the same hour."

On the arrival of the guests, at the appointed time on the day following, a strange contrast was presented. The sailors, in white ducks,¹ blue jackets with brass buttons, striped shirts, pumps,² and straw hats, landed punctually, and in hearty good humour swaggered

towards the men's house, where they were politely received by the quiet, manly-looking *voyageurs*, who, in honour of the occasion, had put on their best capotes, their brightest belts, their gayest garters, and most highly-ornamented moccasins. The French Canadians and half-breeds bowed, shook hands, and addressed the tars as *messieurs*.¹ The sailors laughed, slapped their entertainers on the shoulders, and called them mess-mates. The Indians stood, grave and silent, but with looks of good-humour, in the background, while the Eskimos raised their fat cheeks, totally shut up their eyes, and grinned perpetually, not to say horribly, from ear to ear. But the babel that followed is beyond the powers of description, therefore we won't attempt it.

Many were the stories that were told and retold, believed, disbelieved, and doubted, on that memorable night; and loud were the songs, and long and strong the dancing that followed.

A feeling of sadness, however, gradually crept over the band as the dawn advanced and the schooner prepared for her departure.

By six o'clock the flood-tide turned, and a few minutes later all the sailors were aboard, hoisting the sails and anchor, while the men stood silently on the beach where they had just parted from their guests.

"Good-bye once more, Mr. Stanley; good-bye, Mr. Morton," said the captain, as he stepped into his boat. "I wish you a pleasant winter and a good trade."

"Thank you, thank you, captain," replied Stanley; "and don't forget us out here, in this lonely place, when you drink the health of absent friends at Christmas time."

In a few minutes the anchor was up, and the schooner bending round with a fair wind and tide, made for the narrows.

"Give them a cheer, lads," said Frank.

Obedient to the command, the men doffed their caps and raised their voices ; but there was little vigour in the cheer. It was replied to from the schooner's deck. Just as the flying jib¹ passed the point a gun was fired, which once more awakened the loud echoes of the place. When the smoke cleared away, the schooner was gone.

Thus was severed the last link that bound the civilized world to the inhabitants of Fort Chimo.

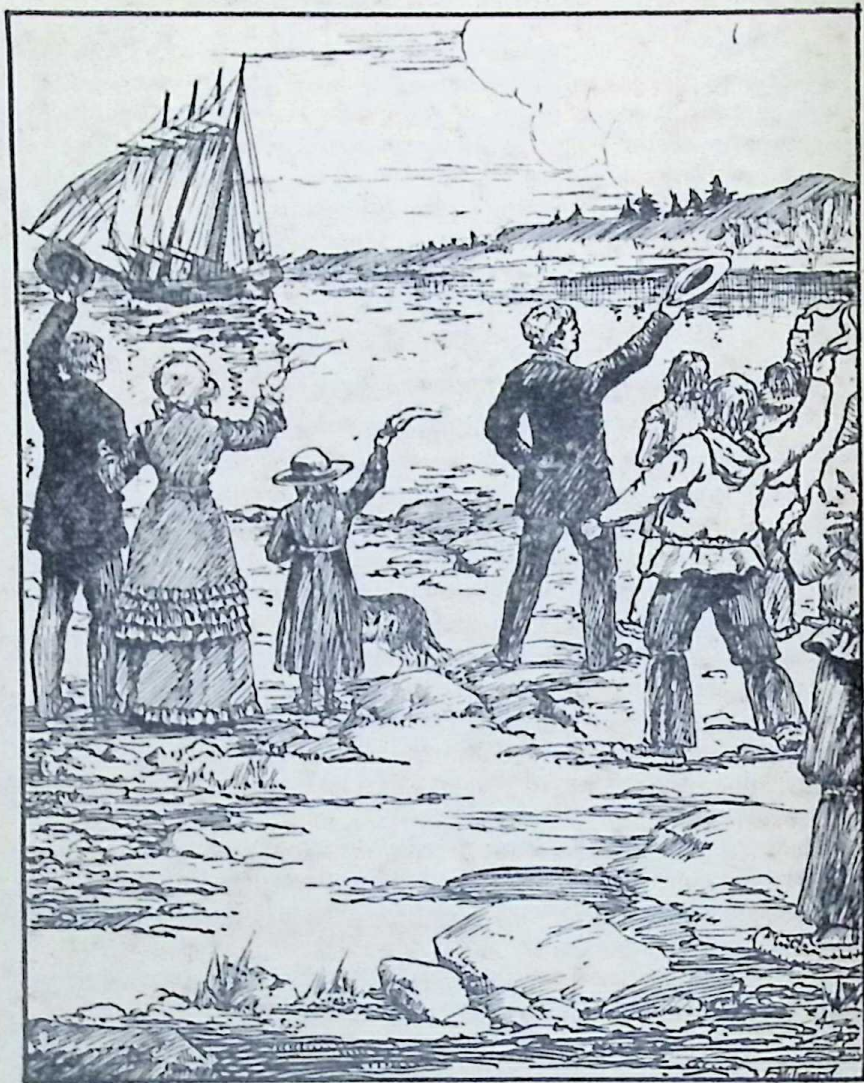
CHAPTER IX.

ESKIMOS ARRIVE.

For many days after the ship's departure the work of completing the fort went forward with the utmost rapidity, and not until the houses and stores were rendered weather-tight and warm did Stanley consider it advisable to send out hunting and fishing parties into the mountains. Now, however, the frosts continued a great part of the day as well as during the night, so it was high time to kill deer and fish, in order to freeze, and so preserve them for winter's consumption.

Up to this time no further traces of Eskimos had been discovered, and Stanley began to express his fears to Frank that they had left the neighbourhood altogether, in consequence of the repeated attacks made upon them by Indians. Soon after this, however, the fur-traders were surprised by a sudden visit from a party of these denizens of the north.

It happened on the afternoon of a beautiful day towards the close of autumn, that charming but brief season which, in consequence of its unbroken serenity, has been styled the Indian summer.² The men had all been dispatched into the mountains in various directions,



“Give them a cheer, lads,” said Frank.”—Page 41

some to fish, others to shoot, and none were left at the fort except its commandant¹ with his wife and child, and Oolibuck the Eskimo. Stanley was seated on a stone at the margin of the bay, admiring the vivid alterations of light and shade, as the sun dipped behind the mountains of the opposite shore, when a fleet of Eskimo *kayaks* and *oomiaks* was seen approaching.

When within a hundred yards or so, Stanley said, "Now, Oolibuck, give them a hail."

"Chimo ! Chimo ! Chimo-o-o !" shouted the interpreter.

The word acted like a talisman.²

"Chimo !" yelled the Eskimos in reply, and the *kayaks* shot like arrows upon the sand, while the women followed as fast as they could. In another minute a loud chattering and a brisk shaking of hands was taking place on shore.

The natives were dressed in the sealskin garments with which arctic travellers have made us all more or less acquainted. They were stout burly fellows, with fat, oily, and bearded faces.

"Now tell them, Oolibuck, the reason of our coming here," said Stanley.

Oolibuck instantly began, by explaining to them that they had come for the purpose of bringing about peace and friendship between them and the Indians; on hearing which the Eskimos danced and shouted for nearly a minute with joy. But when the interpreter went on to say that they intended to remain altogether among them, for the purpose of trading, their delight knew no bounds; they danced and jumped, and whooped and yelled, tossed up their arms and legs, and lay down on the sand and rolled in ecstasy.³

Meanwhile, Stanley went down and stepped into

the midst of one of the *oomiaks*, with a few beads and trinkets in his hands; and while Oolibuck entertained the men on shore, he presented gifts to the women, who received them with the most childish demonstrations of joy.

As Stanley continued to distribute his gifts, the women crowded out of the other *oomiaks* into the one in which he stood, until they nearly sank it; some of them extending their arms for beads, others giving a jolt to the hoods on their backs, which had the effect of bringing to light fat, greasy-faced little babies, who were pointed to as being peculiarly worthy of attention.

At length Stanley broke from them and leaped ashore, where he was soon followed by the entire band. The Eskimo women were dressed very much like the men—namely, in long shirts of sealskin or deerskin with the hair on, short breeches of the same material, and long sealskin boots. The hoods of the women were larger than those of the men, and their boots were much more capacious; and while the latter had a short stump of a tail or peak hanging from the hinder part of their shirts, the women wore their tails so long that they trailed along the ground as they walked. In some cases these tails were four and six inches broad, with a round flap at the end, and fringed with ermine.

By this time Frank and some of the men had joined the group on the shore, and as it was getting late, Stanley commanded silence.

"Tell them I have somewhat to say to them, Oolibuck."

The interpreter's remark instantly produced a dead silence.

"Now ask them if they are glad to hear that we are going to stay to trade with them."

A vociferous jabbering followed the question, which, by Oolibuck's interpretation, meant that their joy was utterly inexpressible.

"And now," said Stanley, in conclusion, "'tis getting late. Go down to the point below the fort and encamp there for the night. We thank you for your visit, and will return it in the morning. Good-night."

On this being translated, the Eskimos gave a general yell of assent and immediately retired, bounding and shouting and leaping as they went, looking, in their gleesome rotundity,¹ like the infant progeny of a race of giants.

When the morrow came, the visit of the Eskimos was returned by the entire force of Fort Chimo, and the childish delight with which they were received was most amusing.

In the course of the day Stanley and Frank conducted the natives to the fort, and, having given them all an excellent dinner and a few gifts of needles, scissors, and knives, led them to the store, where the goods for trade were ranged temptingly on shelves round the walls. A counter encompassed a space around the entrance-door, within which the natives stood and gazed on wealth which, to their unsophisticated² minds, seemed a dream of enchantment.

Having given them time to imbibe a conception of the room and its treasures, Stanley addressed them through the interpreter; but as reference to this worthy individual is somewhat hampering, we will discard him forthwith—retaining his style and language, however, for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen.

"Now, you see what useful things I have got here for you; but I cannot give them to you for nothing. They cost us much, and give us much trouble to bring

them here. But I will give them for skins and furs and oil, and the tusks of the walrus ; and when you go to your friends on the sea-coast, you can tell them to bring skins with them when they come."

"Ve vill do vat you vish. Ve most happy you come. Ve vill hunt very mush, and make your house empty of all dese t'ings if ve can."

"That's well. And now I am in need of boots for my men, and you have a good many, I see ; so, if you can spare some of these, we will begin to trade at once."

On hearing this, the natives dispatched several of their number down to the camp, who soon returned laden with boots. These are most useful articles. They are neatly made of sealskin, the feet or soles being of walrus hide, and perfectly waterproof. They are invaluable to those who have to walk much in ice-cold water or among moist snow, as is the case in those regions during spring and autumn.

For these boots, and a few articles of native clothing, Stanley paid the natives at the rates of the regular tariff throughout the country ; and this rate was so much beyond the poor Eskimo estimate of the relative value of boots and goods, that they would gladly have given all the boots and coats they possessed for what they received as the value of one pair.

Overjoyed at their good fortune, and laden with treasure, they returned to their camp to feast, and to sing the praises of the traders.

CHAPTER X.

FLIGHT OF THE ESKIMOS.

When the giant Eskimo of whom we have read recovered consciousness, after having been wounded by the Indians, he set off in search of his wife. He failed to find her, but in his wanderings he came to Fort Chimo, and Mr. Stanley persuaded him to stay about the fort as a hunter. On account of his huge stature, the new-comer received the name of Maximus.¹

Shortly after the arrival of Maximus, an event occurred which very much altered the aspect of affairs. For some time past the men at the fort had been subject to rather severe attacks of cold, or a species of influenza. This they unfortunately communicated to the Eskimos, who seemed to be peculiarly susceptible of the disease.² Being very fat and full-blooded, it had the most dreadful effect on the poor creatures, and at a certain stage almost choked them. At last one night it was reported that ten of their number had died from absolute suffocation. All of these had been strong and robust, and they died after two days' illness.

When Mr. Stanley and Frank Morton visited the camp, next morning, they found the place deserted, and showing evidences of the hasty flight of the survivors.

"I have been told," remarked Frank, "that the Eskimos have a superstitious dread of this river. Oolibuck mentioned to me, this morning, that he has had a good deal of conversation with the natives about this disease, and they told him that it invariably attacks them when they enter this river, and carries them off by dozens; so that they never come into it except when they require wood, and always stay as short a time as possible."

"Ah ! that's bad," said Stanley : "I fear that it will go much against the success of the establishment. But we must hope better things ; and, truly, with this exception, all has gone well hitherto. Said they anything more, Frank ?"

"Yes ; they hinted, it seems, their intention of flying away from this fatal spot, and taking up their abode for the winter at the mouth of False River, where they can obtain a livelihood by seal-fishing ; but Oolibuck thought they did not mean to do so."

* * * * *

The traders of Ungava were once more left in solitude, and from this time forward, until the winter set in, they devoted all their energies to laying up a stock of provisions sufficient to last till spring.

Dick Prince and Massan were sent after the deer in company. Augustus and Bryan were dispatched to a small lake to establish a fishery ; in which they were very successful, and soon caught a large supply of excellent white-fish, trout, and carp, which they gutted, and hung up by their tails to dry and freeze. Frank and Moses went to another small lake, about ten miles down the river, and built a hut of willows, in which they dwelt while engaged at the fishery. As there was still much to be done in the way of completing the fort, and making furniture, Stanley retained La Roche, Oolibuck, and the two Indians to assist him in this, as well as in the performance of the miscellaneous minor duties about the station, such as cutting up firewood, covering the roofs of the stores with tarpaulin, shooting such birds and animals as came near the fort, constructing rude chairs and tables, cooking, etc., etc. ; while François and Gaspard were sent up the river to fell trees, for the purposes both of building and firewood.

Thus they spent their time ; too busily occupied to take much note of its rapid flight, and scarce noticing the lengthening nights and shortening days, until needles of ice began with slow and silent progress to shoot across and solidify the waters of the bay.

CHAPTER XI.

AN EXCURSION.

Winter had now descended with iron grasp upon Ungava. For some weeks the frost had been so intense that every lake and pool was frozen many inches thick, and the salt bay itself was fringed with a thick and ever-accumulating mass of ice.

It was now arranged that Frank Morton and Edith should go on an excursion, the object of which was twofold—first, to ascertain if there were any fish in a large lake about ten miles distant from the fort ; and, secondly, to give little Edith a drive for the good of her health. Not that her health was bad, but several weeks of bad weather had confined her much to the house, and her mother thought the change would be beneficial and agreeable.

“ Now then, Edith,” cried Frank, looking in at the door of the hall, one fine winter morning, “ your carriage awaits, and Chimo is very restive.”

“ Coming, coming,” explained a treble voice within ; “ I’m getting new lines put to my snow-shoes, and will be ready in two minutes.”

Two minutes, translated into female language, means ten, sometimes twenty. Frank knew this, and proceeded to readjust the sash that secured his leathern capote, as he walked towards the little sledge in front of the fort. He then tied down the ear-pieces of his fur cap more

carefully, for it was very cold, though clear and sunny. By this time fifteen out of the "two" minutes having elapsed, he re-examined the lock¹ of his gun, and adjusted the warm deerskin robe on Edith's little sledge, patted Chimo on the head, looked up at the clouds, and began to whistle.

"Now, Frank, here I am," cried Edith, running towards him with her snow-shoes in her hand, followed by her father and mother.

"Quiet, Chimo—down, sir!" said Frank, restraining the dog as it sought to bound towards its mistress. Being harnessed to the sledge, this was a very improper proceeding, and was rebuked accordingly; so Chimo was fain to crouch on the snow and look back at Edith as Frank placed her in the sledge and arranged the deerskin robes about her.

Edith looked like a fat little witch. But if she looked fat before being wrapped up in the sledge furs, she looked infinitely fatter when thus placed, and nothing of her visible except her two twinkling eyes. So grotesque² was she that the whole party burst into a loud laugh as they surveyed her. The laugh made Chimo start off at full gallop, which caused Frank to grasp the line of the sledge that trailed behind, and hurry over the snow at a most undignified pace.

"Take care of her," cried Mr. Stanley.

"Aye, aye," shouted Frank.—"Softly, Chimo—softly, you rascal!"

In ten minutes the travellers were round the point, and fairly out of sight; but the shouts of Frank, and an occasional howl from Chimo, floated back on the breeze as Stanley and his wife returned leisurely to the hall.

Towards the afternoon, after a drive over very rough, rugged ground, Frank and Edith arrived at the

lake where they intended to encamp, and to their great delight, found Maximus there already. A little while before, Mr. Stanley had sent him on an errand to his friends at False River, with instructions to proceed thence to the lake where Frank was going to fish. He had arrived only a few minutes before, and was just going to commence the erection of a snow-house.

"Glad to see you, Maximus," cried Frank, as he drove up.

Maximus was a remarkably intelligent man, and, although his residence at the fort had been of short duration as yet, he had picked up a few words of English.

"We need not search for camping ground," Frank remarked. "There seems to be very little wood, so you may as well build our hut on the ice. We shall need all our time, as the sun has not long to run."

The lake, on the edge of which they stood, was about a mile in circumference, and lay in a sort of natural basin formed by savage-looking hills, in which the ravines were little more than narrow fissures, entirely devoid of trees. Snow encompassed and buried everything, so that nothing was to be seen except, here and there, crags and cliffs of grey rock, which were too precipitous for the snow to rest on.

"Now, Eda, I will take a look among these rocks for a ptarmigan¹ for supper; so you can amuse yourself watching Maximus build our house till I return."

"Very well, Frank," said Edith; "but don't be long."

Edith sat down in her sledge, and from this comfortable point of view watched the Eskimo, while he built a snow-hut before her.

First of all, he drew out a long iron knife, which had been constructed specially for him by Bryan, who

looked upon the giant with special favour. With the point of this he drew a circle of about seven feet in diameter; and so well accustomed was he to this operation that his circle, we believe, could not have been mended even by a pair of compasses. Two feet to one side of this circle he drew a smaller one, of about four feet in diameter. Next, he cut out of the snow a number of hard blocks, which were so tough that they could not be broken without a severe blow, but were as easily cut as you might have sliced a soft cheese with a sharp knife. These blocks he arranged round the large circle, and built them above each other, fashioning them, as he proceeded, in such a manner that they gradually rose into the form of a dome. The chinks between them he filled compactly with soft snow, and the last block, introduced into the top of the structure, was formed exactly on the principle of the keystone¹ of an arch. When the large dome was finished, he commenced the smaller; and in the course of two hours both the houses—or, as the Eskimos call them, *igloes*—were completed.

Long before this, however, Frank had returned, from an unsuccessful hunt, to assist him; and Edith had wondered and wearied, grown cold and taken to running with Chimo, and grown warm and returned to her sledge, several times. Two holes were left in the *igloes* to serve as doors; and, after they were finished, the Eskimo cut a square hole in the top of each, not far from the keystones, and above the entrances. Into these he fitted slabs of clear ice, which formed windows as beautiful and useful as if they had been made of glass. There were two doorways in the large *igloe*, one of which faced the doorway of the smaller. Between these he built an arched passage, so that the two were thus connected,

and the small hut formed a sort of inner chamber to the larger.

"Now, dem done," said Maximus, surveying his work with a satisfied smile.

"And very well done they are," said Frank. "See here, Eda, our snow-fort is finished. This big one is to be the grand hall and banqueting-room, and yonder little hut is your private boudoir."

"Mine!" exclaimed Edith, running away from Chimo, with whom she had been playing, and approaching the new houses that had been speedily put up. "Oh how nice! what fun! only think!—a snow bedroom! But won't it be cold, Frank? And is the bed to be of snow too?"

The black moustache of the giant curled with a smile at the energy with which this was said.

"We will make the bedsteads of snow, Eda," replied Frank, "but I think we shall manage to find blankets of a warmer material.—Now, Maximus, get the things put inside and the lamp lighted, for we're all tired and very hungry."

The lamp to which Frank referred was one which Maximus had brought, along with a few other articles, from the Eskimo camp. It was made of soft stone, somewhat in the form of a half moon, about eight inches long and three broad, and hollowed out in the inside. Eskimos burn seal-fat in it, and in winter have no other means of warming their houses or cooking their food. But for both purposes it is quite sufficient.

Maximus had brought some seal-fat, or blubber, along with him. A portion of this he now put into the lamp, and, placing the latter on a snow-shelf prepared expressly for it, he set it on fire. The flame, although not very steady, was bright enough to illuminate the

large *igloe*, and to throw a strong gleam into the smaller one. Over this lamp Frank placed a small tin kettle, filled with snow, which was speedily converted into water; and while this was being boiled, he assisted Edith in spreading out the bedding. As we have already said, the floor of this snow-house was of the same material as the walls. But one-half of it was raised about a foot above the other half, according to Eskimo rules of architecture. This elevated half was intended for the bed, which consisted of a large deerskin robe, spread entirely over it, with the soft hair upwards. Another large robe was placed above this for a blanket, and a smaller one either for a pillow or an additional covering if required.

In the midst stood a small table, extemporized¹ by Frank out of a block of snow, and covered with the ample skirt of his leathern topcoat, which the increasing temperature of the air inside the *igloe* rendered too warm.

On the table was spread a solid lump of excellent pemmican²—excellent, because made by Mrs. Stanley. It stood *vis-à-vis*³ to a tin plate whereon lay three large steaming cuts of boiled fresh salmon—fresh, because, although caught some months before, it had been frozen solid ever since. There was a large tin kettle of hot tea in the centre of the board—if under the circumstances we may use the term—and three tin cups out of which to drink it; besides a plate containing broken pieces of ship-biscuit and a small quantity of sugar wrapped up in a morsel of paper. Also a little salt in a tin box.

“Aren’t we snug, Eda?” cried Frank, as he filled her tin with tea. “What a charming house! And so cheap, too! There’s sugar beside you. Take care you don’t use salt by mistake.—Maximus, hold out your

pannikin. That's the true beverage to warm your heart, if you take it hot enough."

"Tankee, sur," said the giant, extending his cup with one hand, while with his other he forced into his capacious mouth as much pemmican as it could hold.

When supper was ended, Chimo was permitted to devour the scraps, while Frank assisted Edith to arrange her little dormitory. It was much the same in its arrangements as the larger apartment, and was really as comfortable and warm as one could desire. Returning to the large apartment, Frank spread out the couch on which he and Maximus were to repose; and then, sitting down beside the stone lamp, he drew forth his Bible, as was his wont, and began to read.

Soon after lying down, Edith heard the deep voices of her companions engaged in earnest conversation; but these sounds gradually died away, and she fell asleep, to dream of Fort Chimo. As the night wore on, the deep breathing of the men told that they, too, had sought and found repose.

CHAPTER XII.

FRANK MORTON IN DIFFICULTIES.

Chimo's loud bark and the angry snarl of a large wolf, as it darted away to seek the shelter of the hills, were the sounds that awoke our travellers in the dawn of the following morning.

"Maximus," said Frank, after the first duties of the day were concluded, "we must now go and set the hooks; but as cutting holes in the ice will occupy you some time, I'll take a short walk along the margin of the lake with my gun. Be careful of Edith till I return."

So saying Frank went off, taking Chimo along with

him ; while Maximus seized the axe and ice-chisel, and began the laborious process of digging through to the water. The ice on the lake was five feet thick, but by dint of great perseverance the Eskimo succeeded in making several holes through it ere Frank returned. Each hole was large enough to contain the body of a man, but a little wider above than below. In these holes were set stout cod-lines, with hooks of about half an inch or more in diameter. They were made of white metal, and clumsy enough to look at ; but fish in the lakes of Ungava are not particular. These hooks were baited with lumps of seal-fat, and, ere half an hour elapsed, the success of the anglers was very decided and satisfactory.

Frank hauled up a whitefish¹ of about six pounds weight at the first dip, and scarcely had he thrown it on the ice when Maximus gave a galvanic² start, hauled up his line a few yards with laughable eagerness, then stopped suddenly, under the impression, apparently that it was a false alarm ; but another tug set him again in motion, and in three seconds he pulled a fine lake-trout of about ten pounds weight out of the hole. Edith also, who had a line under her care, began to show symptoms of expectation.

“Capital !” cried Frank, beating his hands violently against his shoulders ; for handling wet lines with the thermometer at twenty below zero is decidedly cold work—“capital ! we must set up a regular fishery here, I think ; the fish are swarming. There’s another,—eh ? no—he’s off—”

“Oh ! oh !! oh !!!” shrieked Edith in mingled fear and excitement, as, at each successive “oh !” she received a jerk that well-nigh pulled her into the ice-hole.

“Hold hard !” cried Frank. “Now then, haul

away." Edith pulled, and so did the fish; but as it was not more than five pounds weight or so, she overcame it after a severe struggle, and landed a whitefish on the ice.

The next shout that Edith gave was of so very decided and thrilling a character that Frank and Maximus darted to her side in alarm, and the latter caught the line as it was torn violently from her grasp.

In about a quarter of an hour Maximus dragged the fish slowly into the hole, and its snout appeared above water.

"Oh! *what* a fish!" exclaimed Edith.

"Put in de spear," cried the Eskimo.

Frank caught up a native spear which Maximus had provided, and just as the fish was about to recommence the struggle for its life, he transfixed it through the gills, and pinned it to the side of the ice-hole. The battle was over; a few seconds sufficed to drag the fish from its native element and lay it at full length on the ice.

And few anglers have ever had the pleasure of beholding such a prize. It was a trout of fully sixty pounds weight, and although such fish are seldom, if ever, found in other parts of the world, they are by no means uncommon in the lakes of North America.

Having secured this noble fish, Maximus cut it open and cleaned it, after which it was left to freeze. The other fish were then similarly treated; and while the Eskimo was thus engaged, Frank and Edith continued their sport. But daylight in these far northern regions is very short-lived in winter, and they were soon compelled unwillingly to leave off.

"Now, Maximus," said Frank, as they rolled up their lines, "I don't intend to keep you longer with us. Edith and I can manage the fishing very well, so you

may return to your friends at False River, and take the seal-flesh for the dogs up to the fort. Get a loan of some of their dogs and a sled to haul it ; and come round this way in passing, so as to pick up any fish we may have ready for you. The moon will be up in a little, so be off as fast as you can."

In obedience to these orders, Maximus packed up a small quantity of provisions, and, bidding good-bye to his two friends, set off for the coast.

That night Frank and his little charge sat down to sup together in the *igloo* at the head of their snow-table, and Chimo acted the part of croupier¹ in the room of the Eskimo. And a pleasant evening they spent, chatting, and laughing, and telling stories, by the light of the stone lamp, the mellow flame of which shed a warm influence over the sparkling dome of snow. Before retiring to rest, Frank said that they must be up with the first light, for he meant to have a hard day's fishing ; but man little knows what a day may bring forth. Neither Frank nor Edith dreamed that night of the events that were to happen on the morrow.

On awaking in the morning, they again heard the howl of a wolf.

Frank happened to be completely dressed at the time, and as he saw the wolf bound away up the mountain gorge, he seized his gun and snow-shoes, and hastily slung on his powder-horn and shot-belt.

"Edith," he cried, as he was about to start, "I must give chase to that wolf. I won't be gone long. Light the lamp and prepare breakfast, dear—at least as much of it as you can ; I'll be back to complete it.—Hallo, Chimo ! here, Chimo !" he shouted, whistling to the dog, which bounded forth from the door of the hut, and followed his master up the ravine.

Edith was so well accustomed to solitary wanderings among the rugged glens in the neighbourhood of Fort Chimo that she felt no alarm on finding herself left alone in this wild spot, and she applied herself cheerfully and busily to the preparation of their morning meal.

But, as time wore on, and no sound of voice or gun or bark of dog broke the dreary stillness of that gloomy place, a feeling of intense horror took possession of the child's mind. One thought, however, comforted her, and this was that Maximus would certainly come to the hut on his return to the fort.

The morning passed away, the sun rose above the hills, and the short-lived day drew towards its close; still Frank did not return, and the poor child who watched so anxiously for him, after many short and timid wanderings towards the margin of the lake, returned to the *igloe* with a heart fluttering from mingled anxiety and terror. Throwing herself on the deerskin couch, she burst into a flood of tears. As she lay there, sobbing bitterly, she was startled by a noise outside the hut, and ere she could spring from her recumbent¹ position, Chimo darted through the open doorway, with a cry between a whine and a bark, and laid his head on Edith's lap.

"Oh! what is it, my dog? Dear Chimo, where is Frank?" cried the child passionately, while she embraced her favourite with feelings of mingled delight and apprehension. "Is he coming, Chimo?" she said, addressing the dumb animal, as if she believed he understood her. Then, rising hastily, she darted out once more, to cast a longing, expectant gaze towards the place where she had seen her companion disappear in the morning. But she was again doomed to disappointment.

Meanwhile, Chimo's conduct struck her as being

very strange. Instead of receiving with his usual quiet satisfaction the caresses she heaped upon him, he kept up a continual whine, and ran about hither and thither without any apparent object in view. Once or twice he darted off with a long melancholy howl towards the hills ; then, stopping short suddenly, stood still and looked round towards his young mistress.

The resolute manner with which Chimo did this, and the frequency of its recurrence, at length induced Edith to believe that the animal wished her to follow him. Instantly it occurred that he might conduct her to Frank, so, without bestowing a thought on the danger of her forsaking the *igloe*, she ran in for her snow-shoes, and putting on her hood and thick mittens, followed the dog to the margin of the lake. Chimo's impatience seemed to subside immediately, and he trotted rapidly towards the ravine into which Frank had entered in pursuit of the wolf that morning.

For nearly two hours Chimo led Edith into the midst of the mountains.

They followed Frank's snow-shoe track till, at length, near the top of a cliff Chimo suddenly diverged to the left, and led his mistress by a steep and tortuous' natural path to the bottom. Here he ran quickly forward, uttering a low whine or whimper, and disappeared round the corner of the precipice. Hastening after the dog with a beating heart, Edith speedily gained the projection of the cliff, on turning which she was startled and terrified by hearing a loud snarling bark mingled with a fierce growl. In another moment she beheld Chimo bounding towards a gaunt savage-looking wolf, which stood close beside the body of a man extended at full length upon the snow.

At first the wolf did not seem inclined to retreat,

but the shriek which Edith uttered on suddenly beholding the scene before her induced him to turn tail and fly. In another moment the terrified child sank exhausted on the snow beside the insensible form of Frank Morton.

CHAPTER XIII.

A HEROINE INDEED.

The shock which Edith received on beholding the bloodstained countenance of her companion completely paralysed her at first, but only for a few minutes. The feeling of certainty that Frank would perish if assistance were not rendered tended to restore her scattered faculties.

Raising Frank's head from the snow, she placed it in her lap, and with her handkerchief removed the blood from his forehead. In doing this she observed, to her inexpressible relief, that he breathed freely. The place where he lay was a dark rent or split in the mountain, the precipices of which rose on either side to a height of between thirty and forty feet. The top of this chasm was entirely covered over with a crust of snow, through which there was a large gap immediately above the spot where Frank lay, revealing at once the cause of his present sad condition. He had evidently been crossing the ravine by means of the deceptive platform of snow, unaware of the danger of his position, and had been suddenly precipitated to the bottom. In descending, his head had struck the side of the cliff, which cut it severely; but the softness of the snow into which he fell saved him from further injury, except the stunning effect of the fall. Fortunately the wolf had not touched him, and the wound in his head did not appear to be very deep.

Edith wept bitterly for a few minutes, while she tried in vain to awaken her companion from his state of lethargy.¹ At length she dried her tears hastily, and, rising, placed Frank's head on her warm cloak, which she wrapped round his face and shoulders. Then she felt his hands, which, though covered with thick leather mittens, were very cold. Making Chimo crouch at his feet, so as to imbue² them with some of his own warmth, she proceeded to rub his hands, and to squeeze and, as it were, shampoo his body all over, as vigorously as her strength enabled her. In a few minutes the effect of this was apparent. Frank raised himself to his elbow and gazed wildly round him.

"Surely I must have fallen. Where am I, Edith?" Gradually his faculties returned. "Edith, Edith!" he exclaimed, in a low anxious voice, "I must get back to the *igloe*. I shall freeze here. Fasten the lines of my snow-shoes, dear, and I will rise."

Edith did as she was desired, and immediately Frank made a violent effort and stood upright; but he swayed to and fro like a drunken man.

"Let me lean on your shoulder, dear Eda," he said in a faint voice. "My head is terribly confused. Lead me; I cannot see well."

The child placed his hand on her shoulder, and they went forward a few paces together—Edith bending beneath the heavy weight of her companion.

"Do I lean heavily?" said Frank, drawing his hand across his forehead. "Poor child!"

As he spoke, he removed his hand from her shoulder; but the instant he did so, he staggered and fell.

"Oh Frank! dear Frank! why did you do that?" said Edith, anxiously. "You do not hurt me. I don't mind. Do try to rise again."



‘Frank stood upright ; but he swayed to and fro like a drunken man.’—Page 62.

Frank tried, and succeeded in walking in a sort of half-sleeping, half-waking condition for about a mile—stumbling as he went, and often unwittingly crushing his little guide to the ground. After this he fell once more, and could not again recover his upright position. By persevering, however, Edith succeeded in rousing him so far as to creep a short distance, now and then, on his hands and knees—sometimes to stagger a few paces forward; and at length, long after the cold moon had arisen on the scene, they reached the margin of the lake.

Here Frank became utterly powerless, and no exertion on the part of his companion could avail to rouse him. In this dilemma,¹ Edith once more wrapped him in her warm cloak, and, causing Chimo to lie at his feet, hastened over the ice towards the *igloo*. On arriving, she lighted the lamp, and heated the tea which she had made in the morning. She then fastened the traces of her own little sledge over her shoulders, and, with the kettle in her hand, ran as fast as her feet could carry her to the place where she had left Frank and Chimo, and found them lying exactly as they lay when she left them.

“Frank! Frank! here is some hot tea for you. Do try to take some.”

But Frank did not move, so she had recourse to rubbing him again, and had soon the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes. The instant he did so, she repeated her earnest entreaties that he would take some tea. In a few minutes he revived sufficiently to sit up and sip a little of the warm beverage. The effect was almost magical. The blood began to course more rapidly through his benumbed limbs, and in five minutes more he was able to sit up and talk to his companion.

“Now, Frank,” said Edith, with an amount of

decision that in other circumstances would have seemed quite laughable, "try to get on to my sled, and I'll help you. The *igloe* is near at hand now."

Frank obeyed almost mechanically, and, creeping upon the sled with difficulty, he fell instantly into a profound sleep. Edith's chief anxiety was past now. Harnessing Chimo to the sled as well as she could, she ran on before, and a very few minutes brought them to the snow hut. Here the work of rousing Frank had again to be accomplished; but the vigour which the warm tea had infused into his frame rendered it less difficult than heretofore, and soon afterwards Edith had the satisfaction of seeing her companion extended on his deerskin couch, under the sheltering roof of the *igloe*.

Contrary to Edith's expectations, Frank was very little better when he awoke next day; but he was able to talk to her in a faint voice, and to relate how he had fallen over the cliff, and how afterwards he had to exert his failing powers in order to defend himself from a wolf.

For two days the child tended him with the affectionate tenderness of a sister, but as he seemed to grow worse instead of better, she became very uneasy, and pondered much in her mind what she should do. At last she formed a strange resolution. Supposing that Maximus must still be at the Eskimo village at the mouth of False River, and concluding hastily that this village could not be very far away, she determined to set out in search of it, believing that, if she found it, the Eskimo would convey her back to the *igloe* on the lake, and take Frank up to Fort Chimo, where he could be properly tended and receive medicine.

Having made all her arrangements, Edith glided noiselessly from the hut, harnessed her dog, closed the

door of the snow-hut, and, jumping into the furs of her sledge, was soon far away from the mountain lake.

Towards the afternoon it began to snow heavily. There was no wind, and the snow fell in large flakes, alighting softly and without any sound. This prevented her seeing any great distance, and, what was worse, rendered the ground heavy for travelling.

At length she came to a ridge of rocks, and, supposing that she might see to a greater distance from its summit, she got out of the sledge and clambered up, for the ground was too rough for the sledge to pass. Here the view was dreary enough—nothing but plains and hummocks¹ of ice and snow met her view, except in one direction, where she saw, or fancied that she saw, a clump of willows and what appeared to be a hut in the midst of them. Running down the rugged declivity, she crossed the plain and reached the spot; but although the willows were there, she found no hut. Overcome with fatigue, fear, and disappointment, she sat down on a wreath² of snow and wept.

But she felt that her situation was much too serious to permit of her wasting time in vain regrets, so she started up and endeavoured to retrace her steps. This, however, was now a matter of difficulty. The snow fell so thickly that her footsteps were almost obliterated, and she could not see ten yards before her. After wandering about a few minutes in uncertainty, she called aloud to Chimo, hoping to hear his bark in reply. But all was silent.

Chimo was not, indeed, unfaithful. He heard the cry and responded to it in the usual way, by bounding in the direction whence it came. His progress, however, was suddenly arrested by the sledge, which caught upon, and was jammed amongst, the rocks. Fiercely did Chimo strain and bound, but the harness was tough and the

sledge immovable. Meanwhile the wind rose, and although it blew gently, it was sufficient to prevent Edith overhearing the whining cries of her dog. For a time the child lost all self-command, and rushed about she knew not whither, in the anxious desire to find her sledge ; then she stopped, and listened long and intently. But no sound fell upon her ear except the sighing of the cold breeze as it swept by, and no sight met her anxious gaze save the thickly falling snow-flakes.

Sinking on her knees, Edith buried her face in her hands, and gave full vent to the pent-up emotions of her soul, as the conviction was at length forced upon her mind that she was a lost wanderer in the midst of that cold and dreary waste of snow.

CHAPTER XIV.

SORROW AT FORT CHIMO.

Three days after the events narrated in the last chapter the fort of the fur-traders became a place of weeping ; for on the morning of that day Maximus arrived with the prostrate form of Frank Morton, whom he had discovered alone in the *igloe* on the lake, and with the dreadful news that little Edith Stanley was nowhere to be found !

Frank was immediately put to bed on his arrival, and everything done in order to restore him. In this attempt they succeeded so far as to obtain all the information he could give concerning his fall ; but he remembered nothing further than that Edith had been the means of bringing him to the snow-hut, where he lay in a deep, torpid slumber until the voice and hand of Maximus awakened him.

Meanwhile the mountains and valleys of Ungava

were traversed far and near by the agonized father and his men. The neighbourhood of the lake was the first place searched, and they had not sought long ere they discovered the little sledge sticking fast among the rocks of the sea-coast, and Chimo lying in the traces almost dead with cold and hunger. The dog had kept himself alive by gnawing the deerskin of which the traces were made. Around this spot the search was concentrated, and the Eskimos of the neighbouring camp were employed in traversing the country in all directions; but, although scarce a foot of ground escaped the eager scrutiny of one or other of the party, not a vestige of Edith was to be seen—not so much as a footprint in the snow.

Days and nights flew by, and still the search was continued. Frank quickly recovered under the affectionate care of the almost heart-broken mother, who found some relief from her crushing sorrow in ministering to his wants. But the instant he could walk without support, and long before it was prudent to do so, Frank joined in the search.

Weeks passed away, but still the dark cloud of sorrow hung over Fort Chimo, for the merry young voice that was wont to awake the surrounding echoes was gone. The systematic search had now been given up, for every nook, every glen, and gorge, and corrie¹ within fifteen miles of the spot where they had found the little sledge, had been searched again and again without success. But hope clung with singular tenacity to the parents' hearts long after it had fled from those of the men of the fort and of the Eskimos. Every alternate day, Stanley and Frank sallied forth with heavy steps and furrowed brows to explore more carefully those places where the child was most likely to have strayed,

expecting, yet fearing, to find her dead body. But they always returned to the bereaved mother with silent lips and downcast looks.

One day, Stanley and Frank were seated by the blazing stove in the hall, conversing as usual about the plan of the search for that day. Mrs. Stanley was busied in preparing breakfast.

"'Tis going to blow hard from the north, Frank," said Stanley, rising and looking out of the window. "I see the icebergs coming into the river with the tide. You will have a cold march, I fear."

Frank made no reply, but rose and approached the window. The view from it was a strange one. During the night a more than usually severe frost had congealed the water of the lake in the centre, and the icebergs that sailed towards the Caniapuscau River in stately grandeur went crashing through this young ice as if it had been paper, their slow but steady progress receiving no perceptible check from its opposition. Some of these bergs were of great size, and, in proceeding onwards, they passed so close to the fort that the inhabitants feared more than once that a falling pinnacle might descend on the stores, which were built near to the water's edge, and crush them.

While Frank continued to gaze in silence on the bleak scene without, a faint sound of sleigh-bells broke upon his ear.

"Hark!" he cried, starting, and opening the door.

The regular and familiar sound of the bells came floating sweetly on the breeze. They grew louder and louder, and in a few seconds a team of dogs galloped into the fort, dragging a small sled behind them. They were followed by two stalwart Indians, whose costume and manner told that they were in the habit of associ-

ating more with the fur-traders than with their own kindred. The dogs ran the sled briskly into the centre of the fort, and lay down panting on the snow, while the two men approached the hall.

"'Tis a packet," cried Stanley, forgetting for the moment his sorrow in the excitement of this unexpected arrival.

In a moment all the men at the fort were assembled in the square.

"A packet ! Where come you from ? "

"From Moose Fort," replied the elder Indian, while his comrade unfastened from the sled a little bundle containing letters.

"Any news ? Are all well ? " chorused the men.

"Aye, all well. It is many days since we left. The way is very rough, and we did not find much deer."

On perusing the letters, Stanley found that it would be absolutely necessary to send a packet of dispatches to headquarters. The difficulties of his position required to be more thoroughly explained, and erroneous notions corrected.

"What shall I do, Frank ? " said he, with a perplexed look. "These Indians cannot return to Moose, having received orders, I find, to journey in a different direction. The fact is, Frank, I think I must send you. It will do you good, my dear boy, and tend to distract your mind from a subject which is now hopeless."

Frank at first objected strongly to this plan, on the ground that it would prevent him from assisting in the forlorn¹ search for Edith ; but Stanley pointed out that he and the men could continue it, and that, on the other hand, his (Frank's) personal presence at headquarters would be of great importance to the interests of the Company. At length Frank was constrained to obey.

The route by which he purposed to travel was over-land to Richmond Gulf¹ on snow-shoes. Maximus, Oolibuck, and Ma-istequan were chosen to accompany him.

With these men, a week's provisions, a large supply of ammunition, a small sledge, and three dogs, of which Chimo was the leader, Frank one morning ascended the rocky platform behind the fort, and, bidding adieu to Ungava, commenced his long journey over the interior of East Main.²

CHAPTER XV.

WALRUS-HUNTING.

The scene of our story is now changed, and we request our patient reader to fly away with us deeper into the north, beyond the regions of Ungava, and far out upon the frozen sea.

Here is an island which for many long years has formed a refuge to the roedeer during the winter, at which season these animals, having forsaken the mainland in autumn, dwell upon the islands of the sea. At the time of which we write, the island in question was occupied by a tribe of Eskimos, who had built themselves as curious a village as one could wish to see.

There were about twenty *igloes* in the village, all of which were built in the form of a dome, exactly similar to the hut constructed by Maximus on the lake. They were of various sizes, and while some stood apart with only a small *igloe* attached, others were congregated in groups and connected by low tunnels or passages. The doorways leading into most of them were so low that the natives were obliged to creep out and in on their hands and knees; but the huts themselves were high enough

to permit the tallest man of the tribe to stand erect, and some of them so capacious that a family of six or eight persons could dwell in them easily.

In the midst of this village stood a hut which differed considerably from those around. It was built of clear ice instead of snow. There were one or two other *igloes* made of the same material, but none so large, clean, or elegant as this one. Inside of this icy residence, on a couch of deerskin, was seated Edith Stanley !

On that terrible night when the child lost her way in the dreary plain, she had wandered she knew not whither, until she was suddenly arrested by coming to the edge of the solid ice on the shores of Ungava Bay. Here the high winds had broken up the ice, and the black waters of the sea rolled at her feet, and checked her progress. Terrified at this unexpected sight, Edith endeavoured to retrace her steps ; but she found to her horror that the ice on which she stood was floating, and that the wind, having shifted a point¹ to the eastward, was driving it across to the west side of the bay. Here, in the course of the next day, it grounded, and the poor child, benumbed with cold and faint with hunger, crept as far as she could on to the firm land, and then lay down, as she thought, to die.

But it was otherwise ordained. In less than half an hour afterwards she was found by a party of Eskimos, who knew nothing of the establishment of Fort Chimo.

Words cannot convey an adequate impression of the unutterable amazement of these poor creatures as they beheld the fair child, so unlike anything they had ever seen or imagined. They lifted her gently upon one of the large sleighs, and placed her on a pile of furs in the midst of a group of women and children, who covered her up and chafed her limbs vigorously. Meanwhile,

the drivers of the sledges, of which there were six, with twenty dogs attached to each, plied their long whips energetically; the dogs yelled in consternation, and, darting away with the sledges as if they had been feathers, the whole tribe went hooting, yelling, and howling away over the frozen sea.

The surprise of the savages when they found Edith was scarcely, if at all, superior to that of Edith, when she opened her eyes and began to comprehend, somewhat confusedly, her peculiar position. Of how far or how long they travelled she could form no idea, as she slept profoundly during the journey, and did not thoroughly recover her strength and faculties until after her arrival at the camp.

For many days after reaching the Eskimo village poor Edith did nothing but weep. But, as time abated the first violence of her grief, she began to entertain a hope that ere long some wandering natives might convey intelligence of her to the fur-traders. As this hope strengthened, she became more cheerful, and made a number of little ornaments with her name inscribed on them, which she hung round the necks of the chief men of the tribe, so that should any of them ever chance to meet with the fur-traders, these ornaments might form a clue to her strange residence.

The Eskimos smiled and patted the child's fair head kindly as they received this piece of attention, which they flattered themselves, no doubt, was entirely disinterested and complimentary.

Winter wore gradually away, and the ice upon the sea began to show symptoms of decay opposite to the camp of the Eskimos. For some time past the natives had been unsuccessful in their seal-hunting; and as seals and walruses constituted their chief means of support,

they were reduced to short allowance. Edith's portion, however, had never yet been curtailed. It was cooked for her over the stone lamp belonging to an exceedingly fat young woman whose *igloe* was next to that of the little stranger, and whose heart had been touched by the child's sorrow; afterwards it was more deeply touched by her gratitude and affection. This woman's name was Kaga, and she, with the rest of her tribe, having been instructed carefully by Edith in the pronunciation of her own name, ended in calling their little guest Eeduck! Kaga had a stout, burly husband named Annatock, who was the best hunter in the tribe; she also had a nephew about twelve or fourteen years old, named Peetoot, who was very fond of Edith and extremely attentive to her. Kaga had also a baby—a mere bag of fat—to which Edith became so attached that she almost constituted herself its regular nurse.

It was a bright, clear, warm day. Considerable bustle prevailed in the camp, for a general seal-hunting expedition was on foot, and the men of the tribe were preparing their dog-sledges and their spears.

Edith was in her *igloe* of ice, seated on the soft pile of deerskins which formed her bed at night and her sofa by day, and worrying Kaga's baby, which laughed vociferously.

While Edith and her living doll were in the height of their uproarious intercourse, they were interrupted by Peetoot, who burst into the room, more like a hairy wild-man-o'-the-wood than a human being. He carried a short spear in one hand, and with the other pointed in the direction of the shore, at the same time uttering a volley of unintelligible sounds which terminated with an emphatic "Eeduck!"

Seeing, as he had often seen before, that his young

friend did not appear to be much enlightened, he seized her by the arm, and, as a more summary and practical way of explaining himself, dragged her towards the door of the hut.

"Oh, the baby!" screamed Edith, breaking from him and placing her charge in the farthest and safest part of the couch. "Now I'll go with you, though I don't understand what you want. Well, I suppose I shall find out in time, as usual."

Having led Edith towards the beach, Peetoot pointed to his uncle's sledge, to which the dogs were already harnessed, and made signs that Edith should go with them.

"Oh, I understand you now. Well, it is a charming day; I think I will. Do you think Annatock will let me? Oh, you don't understand. Never mind; wait till I put on my hood and return the baby to its mother."

In two minutes Edith reappeared in her fur cloak and Indian hood, with the fat baby sprawling and laughing on her shoulder.

"Shall I get in?" said Edith to Annatock, with an inquiring look, as she approached the place where the sledge was standing.

The Eskimo nodded his shaggy head, and showed a row of remarkably white teeth environed by a thick black beard and moustache, by way of reply to the look of the child.

With a laughing nod to Kaga, who stood watching them, Edith stepped in and seated herself on a deerskin robe; Annatock and Peetoot sat down beside her; the enormous whip gave a crack like a pistol-shot, and the team of fifteen dogs, uttering a loud cry, bounded away over the sea.

Annatock drove on until most of his countrymen were left behind. Suddenly he called to the dogs to halt,

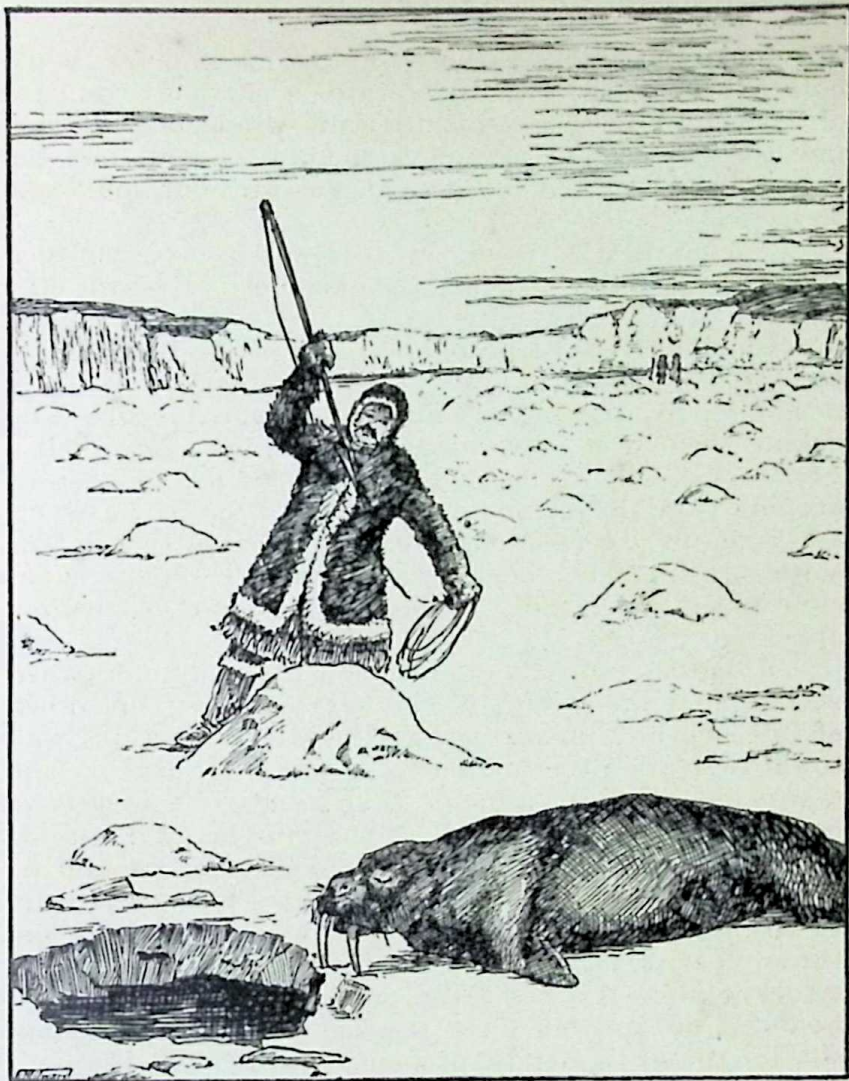
and spoke in a deep, earnest tone to his nephew, while both of them gazed intently towards a particular quarter of the sea. Edith looked in the same direction and soon saw the object that attracted their attention, but the only thing it seemed like to her was an enormous cask or barrel.

“What is it?” said she to Peetoot, as Annatock selected his largest spear and hastened towards the object.

Of course Edith received no reply save a broad grin; but the little fellow followed up this remark, if we may so call it, by drawing his fingers through his lips, and licking them in a most significant manner. Meanwhile Annatock advanced rapidly towards the object of interest, keeping carefully behind hummocks of ice as he went, and soon drew near enough to make certain that it was a walrus, apparently sound asleep, with its blunt snout close to its hole, ready to plunge in should an enemy appear.

Annatock now advanced more cautiously, and when within a hundred yards of the huge monster, lay down at full length on his breast, and began to work his way towards it after the manner of a seal. He was so like a seal in his hairy garments that he might easily have been mistaken for one by a more intellectual animal than a walrus. But the walrus did not awake, and he approached to within ten yards. Then, rising suddenly to his feet, Annatock poised the heavy weapon, and threw it with full force against the animal's side. It struck, and, as if it had fallen on an adamant¹ rock, it bounded off and fell upon the ice, with its hard point shattered and its handle broken in two.

For one instant Annatock's face blazed with surprise; the next, it relapsed into fifty dimples, as he



‘ Annatock poised the heavy weapon, and threw it with full force against the animal’s side.’—Page 76.

roared and tossed up his arms with delight at the discovery that the walrus had been frozen to death beside its hole !

Annatoock now proceeded to cut up the animal with his axe into portable blocks of beef.

Not far off there was a large sheet of recently-formed black ice, where the main ice had been broken away and the open water left. The sheet, although much melted by the thaw, was still about three inches thick, and quite capable of supporting a man. While Annatoock was working with his back to this ice, he heard a tremendous crash take place behind him. Turning hastily round, he observed that the noise was caused by another enormous walrus, the glance of whose large round eyes and whose loud snort showed clearly enough that he was not frozen like his unfortunate companion.

Annatoock fought a hard battle with this animal ere he came off conqueror. Harpoon after harpoon was driven into the walrus ; again and again the lance pierced deep into its side and drank its life-blood ; but three hours had passed away before the dead carcass was dragged from the deep by the united force of dogs and man. It was too late now to think of cutting up the carcasses without assistance, so Annatoock determined to return home and tell his countrymen of his good fortune.

It is a custom among the Eskimos to consider every animal that is killed as the common property of all—the successful hunter being entitled to all the tit-bits, besides his portion of the equal dividend ; so that Annatoock knew he had only to give the signal, and every able-bodied man in the village, and not a few of the women and children, would descend like vultures on the spoil. Jumping into his sledge, he stretched out

his exhausted frame at full length beside Edith, and committed the whip to Peetoot.

"I'm so glad," cried Edith, with a beaming face, "that we have killed this beast. The poor people will have plenty to eat now."

"Ha ! ha ! *ha !*" roared Peetoot, giving increased emphasis to each successive shout, and prolonging the last into a yell of delight, as he cracked the ponderous whip from side to side like a volley of pistolry.

"Oh Peetoot !" exclaimed Edith, in a remonstrative tone, as the sledge swayed to and fro with the rate at which they were sweeping over the plain, "don't drive so fast ; you will kill the poor dogs !"

"Ho ! ho ! *ho-o-o !* Eeduck !" roared the boy.

Thus, amidst a volley of roars, remonstrances, yells, yelps, and pistolry, Edith and her friends scoured over the frozen sea, and swept into the Eskimo camp like a whirlwind.

CHAPTER XVI.

ADRIFT.

The night that followed the day of which we have given an account in the last chapter was a night of rest to Edith, but not to the Eskimos.

Scarcely allowing themselves time to harness their dogs, after the news reached them, they set off for the scene of action in a body.

Two or three hours later, and the first of the return parties arrived, groaning under the burdens they carried and dragged behind them.

Soon the lamps of the village were swimming with oil, the steaks stewing and roasting, the children provided with pieces of raw blubber to keep them quiet

while the larger portions were being cooked, and the entire community gormandizing and rejoicing, as savages are wont to do when suddenly visited with plenty in the midst of starvation.

Next morning the Eskimos were up and away by daybreak, with their dogs and sledges, to bring home the remainder of the walrus-meat.

Soon after this the weather became decidedly mild, and the power of the sun's rays was so great that the snow on the island and the ice on the sea began to be resolved into water. Active preparations were therefore made for the erection of skin summer tents, and the launching of *kayaks* and *oomiaks*.

They had not been encamped in their tents more than three days when an event occurred which threw the camp into deep grief for a time. This was the loss of their great hunter, Annatock, the husband of Kaga. One of those tremendous north-west gales, which now and then visit the arctic seas and lands with such devastating fury, had set in while Annatock was out on the ice-floe¹ in search of seals. Many of his comrades had started with him that day, but, being a bold man, he had pushed beyond them all. When the gale came on, the Eskimo hunters prepared to return home as fast as possible, fearing that the decaying ice might break up and drift away with them out to sea. Before starting, they were alarmed to find that the seaward ice *was* actually in motion. It was on this ice that Annatock was employed ; and his countrymen would fain have gone to warn him of his danger, but a gap of thirty feet already separated the floe from the main ice, and although they could perceive their friend in the far distance, busily employed on the ice, they could not make their voices heard. As the gale increased, the floe drifted faster out to sea, and Annatock

was observed running anxiously towards the land ; but before he reached the edge of the ice-raft on which he stood, the increasing distance and the drifting clouds of snow hid him from view. Then his companions, fearful for their own safety, hastened back to the camp with the sad news.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOUND !

Edith sat on the sea-shore. The glassy waves were no longer encumbered with ice, but shone like burnished gold in the light of the summer sun.

Soon, however, her attention was attracted from the sea, over whose wide expanse she had been gazing wistfully, by the loud voices of the Eskimos, as a number of them prepared to embark in their *kayaks*. Several small whales had been descried, and the natives, ever on the alert, were about to attack them. Presently Edith observed Peetoot running along the beach towards her with a seal-spear or harpoon in his hand. This youth was a remarkably intelligent fellow, and had picked up a few words and sentences of English, of which he made the most.

"Eeduck ! Eeduck !" he cried, pointing to one of the *oomiaks* which the women were launching, "you go kill whale—funny ; yes, Eeduck."

"I don't think it will be very funny," said Edith, laughing ; "but I'll go to please you, Peetoot."

"Goot, Eeduck ; you is goot," shouted the boy, while he flourished his harpoon, and, seizing his companion by the hand, dragged her in the direction of the *kayaks*.

In a few minutes Edith was ensconced in the centre

of the *oomiak* amid a pack of noisy Eskimo women, whose tongues were loosed and spirits raised by the hope of a successful hunt. They went merely for the purpose of witnessing the sport, which was to be prosecuted by twelve or thirteen men, each in his arrow-like *kayak*.

When the flotilla had paddled out a short distance a whale rose, and lay as if basking on the surface of the water. Instantly the men in the *kayaks* shot towards it, while the *oomiak* followed as fast as possible.

The whale was harpooned, and the natives were still occupied in towing it to shore when one of the men uttered a wild shout, and pointed eagerly out to sea.

An object on the horizon seemed a mere speck to Edith's unaccustomed eyes; but as she gazed long and earnestly at it, a thought flashed across her mind. She sprang up; her sparkling eyes seemed as though they would burst from their sockets in her eager desire to make out this object of so great interest. At this moment the *oomiak* touched the land. With a bound like a gazelle, Edith sprang on shore and ran panting with excitement to the top of a rocky eminence. Here she again directed her earnest gaze out to sea. Slowly but surely the speck came on; the wind shifted a point, which caused a gleam of sunlight to fall upon a sail. It was a boat! There could be no doubt of it—and making directly for the island!

As the boat drew near, with her white sails bending before the evening breeze that had recently sprung up, and the Union Jack flying from her peak,¹ and the foam curling before her sharp prow, she seemed a very model of grace and symmetry.

There were only three figures in the boat, one of whom, by the violent gesticulations that he made as they approached, bespoke himself an Eskimo; the

other two stood erect and motionless, the one by the tiller,¹ the other by the sheet.²

"Let go," said a deep soft voice, when the boat was within a stone's-cast of the shore.

The sheet flapped in the wind as the peak fell, and in another instant the keel grated on the sand.

For one moment a feeling of intense disappointment filled Edith's heart, as she sought in vain for the face of her father or Frank ; then with a cry of joy she sprang forward and flung herself into the arms of her old acquaintance, Gaspard !

"Thank God !" said Dick Prince, with a tremulous voice, as he leaped lightly from the boat and clasped the child in his arms ; "thank God we have found you, Miss Edith ! This will put new life into your poor mother's heart."

"Oh, how is she ? Why did she not come with you ?" sobbed Edith ; while Dick Prince, seating himself on a rock, drew her on his knee and stroked her fair head as she wept on his shoulder.

Meanwhile, Annatock was being nearly devoured by his wife and child and countrymen, as they crowded round him to obtain information, and to heap upon him congratulations.

After the first eager questions were answered on both sides, the natives were informed by their comrade of the nature and objects of the establishment at Ungava, and they exhibited the most extravagant signs of joy on hearing the news. When their excitement was calmed down a little, they conducted the party to their principal tent, and set before them the choicest viands they possessed, talking vehemently all the while, and indulging in a few antics occasionally, expressive of uncontrollable delight.

"Ye see, Miss Edith," began Prince, when he and Gaspard were seated before a round of walrus-beef, "the way we came to know your whereabouts was this: Gaspard and me was sent down to the coast to hunt seals. Away we went for the shores o' the bay, and coasted along to the westward a bit. Then we landed at a place where there was a good lot o' field-ice floatin', with seals lyin' on it, and we began to catch them. One day, when we was goin' down to the ice as usual, we saw a black object sittin' on a floe that had drifted in the night before with a stiff breeze.

"'That's a queer-lookin' seal,' says Gaspard.

"'So 'tis,' said I. 'If there was ever black bears up hereabouts, I would say it was one o' them.'

"'Put a ball in yer gun,' says Gaspard. So I put in a ball, and took aim at the beast, intending to give it a long shot. But I was marvellously prevented from firin'. Jist as I squinted along the barrel, the beast rose straight up, and held up both its fore paws. 'Stop!' roars Gaspard, in an awful fright; and sure enough I lowered my gun, and the beast hailed us in the voice of a man and began to walk to the shore. He seemed quite worn out when he landed, and I could understand enough of his jargon to make out that he had been blown out to sea on the floe, and that his name was Annatock.

"While we were talkin' to the Eskimo, Gaspard cries out, 'I say, Prince, look here! There's a sort o' medal on this chap's neck with somethin' written on it. You're a larned fellow, Prince; see if ye can make it out.' So I looked at it, and rubbed my eyes once or twice, I can tell you, for, sure enough, there was EDITH as plain as the nose on my face.

"We made out at last that he came from an island in this direction; so we just made up our minds to take

the boat and come straight away for the island, which we did, takin' Annatock to pilot us."

"Then does my father not know where you are, or anything about your having heard of me?" inquired Edith, in surprise.

"Why, no, Miss Edith," replied Prince. "You see, it would have lost us two or three days to have gone back to Fort Chimo; and, after all, we thought it might turn out a false scent, and only raise your poor mother's hopes for nothin'. Besides we were sent away for a week or two, so we knew they wouldn't wonder at our absence; so we thought, upon the whole, it would be best to come at once, specially since it was sich a short distance."

"A short distance!" repeated Edith, starting up. "I thought we must be miles and miles, oh, ever so far away! Is the distance really short?"

"Aye, that it is, little one," said Prince, patting the child on the head. "It is not more than three days' rowing from this island."

"And Frank, where is Frank?" said Edith, with a look of eager enquiry.

"Ah, miss," replied Prince, "he has been away almost as long as yourself. Soon after you were lost, a packet came from the south, and he was obleeged to give up the sarch after you—though he was loath to do it—and set out with three o' the men for Moose. From that day to this we've heerd nothin' of him. But the journey he had to make was a long one—havin' to go round all the way to York Fort—so we didn't expect to hear o' him afore now. But I'll tell ye more about all your old friends, when we git things ready for a start to-morrow."

The remainder of that day was spent in making preparation for setting sail on the following morning.

When the hour of departure came, and Edith bade

farewell to her kind friends, whose rude but warm hospitality she had enjoyed so long, they were plunged into the deepest distress; and when the little boat finally put to sea, there was not a tearless eye among the tribe, while Edith was swiftly borne from their island shore before a strong and favouring breeze.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRANK'S RETURN WITH EDITH.

The wings of time moved slowly and heavily along at Fort Chimo.

"Jessie," said Stanley one day, as he rose from the desk at which he had been writing, and put on his cap with the intention of taking a stroll along the beach, "will you come with me to-day? I know not how it is, but every time I go out now I expect to hear the ship's gun as it comes through the narrows."

Mrs. Stanley rose, and, throwing on a shawl and hood, accompanied her husband in silence.

"Perhaps," she said at length, "you expect to hear the gun because the vessel *ought* to be here by this time."

A sudden exclamation was uttered by Stanley, who pointed, while he gazed earnestly, towards the narrows of the river. It seemed as if the scene of last year were repeated in a vision. Against the dark rock appeared the white, triangular sail of a vessel. In a few seconds another sail appeared—a schooner floated into view; a white cloud burst from her bows, and once again the long silent echoes of Ungava were awakened by the roaring of artillery. The men of the fort left their several employments, and rushed to the beach to welcome the vessel with a cheer; but although it was heartfelt

and vigorous, it was neither so prolonged nor so enthusiastic as it was on the first occasion of the ship's arrival.

As the vessel dropped anchor opposite the fort, Frank Morton leaped on her bow, and along with the crew returned the cheer with a degree of energy that awakened memories of other days.

"There's Frank!" cried Stanley, turning on his wife a glance of joy. "Bless the boy! It warms my heart to see him. He must have picked up some Indian woman by the way. I see the flutter of a petticoat."

As he spoke, the boat pushed off from the vessel's side, and a few rapid strokes sent it bounding towards the shore.

"Eh! what's this?" exclaimed Stanley, as his wife broke from him, and with a wild shriek rushed into the lake.

The figure of a child stood on the boat's bow, with her arms extended to the shore.

"Hurrah, lads! give way!" shouted Frank's deep voice.

"Mother! mother!" cried the child.

In another moment Frank bounded over the boat's side and placed Edith in her mother's arms!

* * * * *

When the sun had set that night, and the song of the sailors had ceased, and most of the wearied inhabitants of Fort Chimo were enjoying a fragrant pipe after the labours of the day, Frank and Stanley seated themselves, one on either side of the fireplace, with Mrs. Stanley and Edith in front of the hearth between them. An extra pine-knot was thrown on the fire, which, in a few minutes, rendered the candle on the table unneces-

sary. Stanley lit his pipe, and after drawing one or two whiffs to make sure that it would keep alight, said,

"Now, Frank, my boy, we're ready for an account of your journey; fire away."

Frank fired away, literally, for he applied a piece of glowing charcoal to his pipe, and fired off half a dozen rapid puffs in reply, as it were, to his friend opposite. Then he began, and gave them a graphic account of the difficulties and perils which he and his companions had encountered on their journey.

"It took us many weeks to accomplish the journey which I have briefly sketched so far," said Frank, at length. "And now," he continued, stirring the fire and re-lighting his pipe, which invariably went out at the interesting parts of his narrative—"now I come to that part of my story which bears on the fate of Maximus."

He told how they had fallen in with the band of Indians who held Aneetka, the wife of Maximus, a prisoner. They persuaded the chief to release her, and along with an old Indian woman known as "Old Moggy," the Eskimo girl accompanied the travellers to Moose Fort.

"Here," said Frank, "Maximus and Aneetka were married in due form by the Wesleyan missionary, after they had received some instruction and expressed their desire to become Christians. Then they were supplied with a canoe and all necessary provisions, and sent off to go round the coast to Ungava, accompanied by our good dog Chimo, for whom we had now no further use, and by old Moggy, who would not consent to be separated from her friend Aneetka. They started along the coast on a fine spring day, and the back of his sealskin coat, shining in the sun's rays like velvet, as the canoe swept out to sea, and disappeared behind a low point, was the last that I saw of Maximus.

"I will not weary you just now," he continued, "with the details of my subsequent journeyings. At Moose I remained till the rivers were clear of ice, and then set off into the interior of the country with a small canoe and five men, Oolibuck being bowsman. For many days we voyaged by rivers, and arrived at length, about the beginning of Autumn, at York Fort, on Hudson's Bay.

"Here, after some weeks' necessary stay, I embarked, along with our outfit of goods, in the *Beaver*, and sailed for Ungava. I need scarcely add that the voyage was a prosperous one, and that the brightest day in it all was that on which we found the boat, with our dear little Edith, beset among the ice near the entrance to Ungava Bay."

CHAPTER XIX.

REUNITED.

Late in the autumn Maximus, with his wife and Old Moggy, drew near to Ungava Bay, after a most adventurous journey, and, in passing along the coast opposite to the island on which Edith had spent the winter, they overtook Annatock and his whole tribe, with a flotilla of *oomiaks* and *kayaks*, on their way to the same place. At the mouth of the bay they were joined by the Eskimos of False River, who were carrying supplies of seal-blubber to the fort for the use of the dogs in winter, and a few deerskins to trade.

It was a bright and beautiful autumn afternoon (a rare blessing in that dreary clime) when they passed the narrows of the river, and came in sight of Fort Chimo.

On that day a small band of Indians had arrived with an unusually large stock of furs, among which there

were one or two silver foxes and a choice lot of superb martens.

On that day, too, a picturesque iceberg had grounded near the fort at high water, and Frank took Edith in the small canoe to paddle her among its peaked and fantastic fragments.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the delighted child, as their light craft glided in and out among the icy pinnacles which overhung them in some places as they passed. "Don't you hear a strange noise, Frank?"

Truly Frank did hear a strange noise, and beheld a strange sight, for at that moment the Eskimo flotilla passed the narrows and swept round the bay; while the natives, excited by their unusual numbers and the unexpected return of Maximus, yelled and screamed and threw about their arms in a manner that defies description.

"There must be strangers among them," said Frank, as he paddled towards the shore; "they are too numerous for our friends of False River."

"That seems to be an Indian canoe coming on ahead," remarked Stanley, who, along with his wife and most of the men, had hurried to the beach on hearing the shouts of the approaching multitude.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Frank, as the canoe drew near; "does it not look like Maximus—eh?"

"Oh! o-o-o-oh! there's Chimo!" screamed Edith, her eyes dancing with mingled amazement and delight.

The dog in his anxiety to reach the shore had leaped into the water; but he had miscalculated his powers of swimming, for the canoe instantly darted ahead. However, he was close on the heels of Maximus.

"Give him a chare, boys," cried Bryan, as he ran

down to the beach, waving a large hammer round his head. "Now thin, hooray!"

The appeal was responded to with heartfelt energy by the whole party, as their old comrade sprang from the canoe, and, leaving his wife to look after herself, ran toward Stanley and Frank and grasped them warmly by the hands, while his huge face beamed with emotion.

"I hope that's your wife you've brought with you, Maximus," said Stanley.

"I can answer for that," said Frank; "I know her pretty face well."

The joy manifested by poor Chimo at the sight of his young mistress was of a most outrageous character, insomuch that the child was nearly overturned by the dog's caresses.

At this point Massan stepped forward and took Maximus by the arm.

"Come along, lad; there's too much row here for a comfortable palaver; bring your wife wi' you. Ye've run out o' baccy, now? Of coorse ye have. Come, then, to the house; I'll fill yer pipe and pouch, too, boy.—See after his canoe, La Roche; and bring the old wooman, Bryan."

"Mind yer own consarns an' let yer shuparions proceed ye," said Bryan, as he shoved past, and, tucking Old Moggy's arm within his own, marched off in triumph to the fort.

Meanwhile, the main body of Eskimos had landed, and the noise and confusion on the shore were so great that scarcely an intelligible sound could be heard. In the midst of all this, Edith was startled by an ecstatic yell of treble laughter close to her ear; and, turning quickly round, she beheld the oily visage of Kaga with the baby—the baby—in her hood.

Scarcely had she recovered from her delight at this meeting, when she was again startled by a terrific shout, and immediately after Peetoot performed a violent dance around her, expressive of unutterable joy.

To escape from this scene of confusion, the traders returned to the fort, having directed the Eskimos to pitch their camp on the point below ; after which they were to assemble in the yard, for the double purpose of palavering and receiving a present of tobacco.

That night was spent by the inhabitants of Fort Chimo in rejoicing.

Mirth, hearty, *real* mirth reigned at the fort, not only that day, but for many a day afterwards ; for the dangers, and troubles, and anxieties of the first year were past. Hope in the future was strong ; and, through the goodness of God, all those who composed the original band of the "forlorn hope" were reunited.

* * * * *

Years have rolled away since the song and shout of the fur-trader first awakened the echoes of Ungava. Its general aspect is still the same, for there is no change in the everlasting hills. In summer the deer still wander down the dark ravines and lave their flanks in the river's swelling tide, and in winter the frost-smoke still darkens the air and broods above the open water of the sea ; but Fort Chimo, the joy and wonder of the Eskimos and the hope of the fur-trader, is gone, and a green patch of herbage near the flat rock beside the spring alone remains to mark the spot where once it stood.

In the course of time the changes that took place in the arrangements of the Fur Company required the presence of Stanley at another station, and he left Ungava with his wife and child. The gentleman who

succeeded him was a bold, enterprising Scottish Highlander, whose experience in the fur trade and energy of character were a sufficient guarantee that the best and the utmost would be done for the interests of the Company in that quarter. But however resolute a man may be, he cannot make furs of hard rocks, nor convert a scene of desolation into a source of wealth. Vigorously he wrought and long he suffered, but at length he was compelled to advise the abandonment of the station.

The Governor of the Company—a man of extraordinary energy and success in developing the resources of the sterile domains over which he ruled—was fain to admit at last that the trade of Ungava would not pay. The order to retreat was as prompt and decisive as the command to advance. A vessel was sent out to remove the goods, and in a brief space of time Fort Chimo was dismantled and deserted.

The Eskimos and Indians soon tore down and appropriated to their own use the frames of the buildings, and such of the materials of the fort as had been left standing; and the few remnants that were deemed worthless were finally swept away and every trace of them obliterated by the howling storms that rage almost continually around these desolate mountains.

NOTES.

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5. 1. **Moose River.** This flows into James's Bay, which is the south-eastern portion of Hudson's Bay; and close to the mouth of the river is situated, in actual fact, a place known as Moose Factory. Note that, as used in this place-name, "factory" does *not* mean a place where articles are manufactured; it here signifies a trading station, occupied by factors, or commercial agents.
2. **At the time we write of,** the eighteenth-century. The author, Robert Michael Ballantyne, was himself in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1841 (when he was sixteen) until 1847; and this book, like another noted one of his, entitled *The Young Fur-Traders*, is based, to a large extent, on personal experiences.
3. **The Governor,** of the Hudson's Bay Company, a joint-stock association chartered by King Charles II in 1670 for trading in furs and skins with the American Indians; its full title is "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." At the time of this story, and until 1859, the Hudson's Bay Company (known as the *H.B.C.*) exercised the sole rights in this traffic.
4. **Ungava Bay,** lying far to the north-east of James's Bay.
7. 1. **Huskies,** Eskimos (probably a corruption of the name).
2. **Bourgeois,** properly the French term for middle-class people, but, as used here, equivalent to "governors," "bosses."
9. 1. **The Styx,** (according to the ancient Greeks) a river which encircles the lower world, or abode of departed souls.
11. 1. **Factotum,** a person employed to do things in general.
13. 1. **Nova Zembla,** a group of islands in the Arctic Ocean, lying north of Russia.

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15. 1. **Tact understanding,** one which exists, although not actually expressed in words.
2. **Commisary-general,** (properly) the officer in chief command of the commissariat, or branch of army service which supplies the troops with provisions and stores.
3. **Capote,** an overcoat with a hood.
17. 1. **Voyageurs,** (French) travellers; a term especially applied in Canada to men employed in transport by rivers and streams, and over the land lying between these waterways.
21. 1. **Traverse,** passage.
22. 1. **Give way,** paddle with all your might.
2. **Lurid,** (as used here) gloomy and dismal.
24. 1. **Impotent,** vain and powerless.
2. **Indefatigable,** untiring.
25. 1. **Almost Indiscernible,** hardly to be seen.
2. **Deer River,** flowing into Richmond Gulf, on the eastern shore of Hudson's Bay, in latitude 56° N.
3. **Appellation,** name.
26. 1. **Meandering,** winding in its course.
28. 1. **Legion of Honour,** a celebrated French order of merit, established in 1802. The grand cross is the decoration of the highest rank in the Legion.
29. 1. **Allat,** Eskimo for "Indians."
30. 1. **A perfect Babel,** a scene of noise and confusion, so called in allusion to the Tower of Babel, where, as related in *Genesis* xi. 1-9, occurred the "confusion of tongues."
2. **Vociferously,** very loudly.
3. **Trepidation,** fear and trembling.
31. 1. **Cree Indians,** a famous tribe of North American Indians, one branch of it, the Swampy Crees, inhabiting the region between Hudson's Bay and Lake Winnipeg.
32. 1. **Scrimp,** scanty.
37. 1. **H.B.C.,** the recognized abbreviation for "Hudson's Bay Company."

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37. 2. Interstices, small open spaces between the parts of something.
39. 1. Ducks, trousers made of duck, an untwilled linen material, finer than canvas.
2. Pumps, light, low-heeled, thin-soled shoes, worn at parties. (The name is said to be connected with *pomp*.)
40. 1. *Messieurs*, (French) gentlemen. The Englishmen's "messmates" is doubtless a little play on words.
41. 1. Flying jib. The "standing jib" is a triangular sail borne in front of the foremast; and the "flying jib" is one extended beyond it.
2. Indian summer, a spell of warm or very mild weather, occurring in October or November. This term is of American origin. The corresponding English term is "Saint Martin's summer," Saint Martin's day occurring on the eleventh of November.
43. 1. Commandant, the officer in command of a place. (In saying the word, put the stress on the last syllable.)
2. Talisman, (properly) a sort of charm engraved on metal or stone, and supposed to be a safeguard for the wearer; hence, the term is applied to anything which brings about effects so extraordinary as to seem more or less magical.
3. Ecstasy, extreme delight.
45. 1. Their gleeesome rotundity. The author wishes to convey the idea that these Eskimo visitors were plump, round-bodied, jolly people.
2. Unsophisticated, simple and inexperienced.
47. 1. Maximus, Latin for "greatest."
2. Peculiarly susceptible of the disease, very liable to catch it.
50. 1. Lock, the part of a firearm by means of which the charge is exploded.
2. Grotesque, funny-looking; odd and quaint in appearance.
51. 1. Ptarmigan, a kind of grouse.
52. 1. Keystone, the wedge-shaped stone set in the middle of the crown of an arch, and so called because it is considered to "lock" or bind the other stones together.

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53. 1. Boudoir, a lady's private room.
54. 1. Extemporized, made offhand.
2. Pemican, (from a Cree word) lean meat, sliced, dried, pounded, and pressed into cakes. Used by Arctic explorers, because providing a good deal of nourishment in little room.
3. *Vis-à-vis*, (French) opposite.
56. 1. Whitefish, a valuable food-fish, of the salmon kind, inhabiting the Great Lakes of North America and also the lakes lying to the north and east.
2. Galvanic, as if having received a shock from a galvanic battery, i.e. a series of plates of copper and zinc used for producing electric currents by means of chemical action. (Named after Luigi Galvani, an eighteenth-century Italian, who made discoveries in electricity.)
58. 1. Croupier, the assistant-chairman at a public dinner. (The word is French, meaning originally one who sits on the *croup* of a horse, behind the saddle; hence, one who occupies the second place.)
59. 1. Recumbent, lying down.
60. 1. Tortuous, winding.
62. 1. Lethargy, an unnatural, heavy drowsiness.
2. Imbue. This word, which properly means "to tinge deeply," is somewhat oddly and loosely used here. "To imbue them with" is the equivalent of "to impart to them."
64. 1. Dilemma, (as used here) very trying and difficult situation.
66. 1. Hummocks, ridges or mounds in an ice-field.
2. Wreath. This is a Scottish use of the word, equivalent to "snowdrift."
68. 1. Corrie, (Scottish) a circular hollow in a mountain side.
70. 1. Forlorn. This term is applied to the search for the lost child, because there was so little ground to hope for its success.
71. 1. Richmond Gulf, an opening on the eastern shore of Hudson's Bay.

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| <p>PAGE</p> <p>71. 2. East Main, a territory situated on the eastern shore of James's Bay. "Main" is here equivalent to "mainland."</p> <p>72. 1. Point, one of the thirty-two points of the compass; hence, the difference, amounting to $11\frac{1}{4}$ degrees, between one point and the next.</p> <p>76. 1. Adamantline, so hard as not to be broken or penetrated,</p> <p>80. 1. Ice-floe, a sheet of floating ice.</p> | <p>PAGE</p> <p>82. 1. Peak, the upper end of a spar called a gaff, used for extending a fore-and-aft sail, i.e. one which is set lengthwise of the vessel.</p> <p>83. 1. Tiller, the bar fixed on the head of the rudder, and used for turning it.</p> <p>2. Sheet, the rope attached to the lower corner of a sail, and serving to extend it to the wind.</p> |
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

R. M. Ballantyne was born at Edinburgh, on April 24th, 1825. While quite a youth (1841), he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company in Rupert's Land, a part of the Dominion of Canada now included in Manitoba and the North-West Territories; it was so called, because it had originally come into the Company's possession through the good offices of Prince Rupert. Ballantyne remained with the Company until 1847, and obtained a good insight into Indian life and character.

He then returned to his native city, and from 1848 to 1855 was employed in the printing and publishing house of Thomas Constable. At the period of Ballantyne's connection with the firm, its speciality was the publication of schoolbooks; and this fact not improbably turned the young man's thoughts to juvenile literature.

His first book appeared in 1848, and was a personal narrative of his experiences in Rupert's Land. Eight years later, he determined to take up the writing of books for boys as his profession; and his first works in this line, *The Young Fur Traders* (1856) and *Ungava* (1857), were based on what he had himself done and seen abroad.

It is a distinctive "note" of Ballantyne's work that he did not regard the juvenility of his readers as an excuse for any slipshod, haphazard, "anything-will-do" sort of work on his part. Probably he thought, and rightly thought, that their juvenility was all the greater reason for care and accuracy in one who provided for their entertainment and instruction. He took great pains to know what he was writing about; he travelled to collect material. His *Erling the Bold*, a tale of the Norse sea-kings of the tenth century, for example, was preceded by Norwegian travel. *The Settler and the Savage*, a tale of South Africa, was worked up in a visit to the Cape. Similarly with *The Lighthouse* and *Deep Down*; the one was the outcome of a residence in the Bell Rock Lighthouse, and the other of a special study of Cornish mines. In a word, there was a thorough Scottish honesty in Ballantyne's work, which makes it worth much more than ordinary bread-and-butter book-production.

Ballantyne's books (there are about eighty of them in all) teem, one might say, with adventure, told in a vigorous, go-ahead style, just suited to boys' tastes. Dry humour and informativeness are, of course, two of the many amiable characteristics of the Scottish people; and they are much in evidence in our author's writings. It is astonishing how large an amount of useful and interesting information he manages to convey in the course of his narrative. And the tone is, throughout, a thoroughly manly one. Ballantyne was himself a very manly personality; and he has drawn his boy-heroes so well, because he had much in common with them.

Ballantyne died at Rome on February 8th, 1894.—W.H.W.

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145. Little Women.
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147. Children of the New Forest.
148. Masterman Ready.
149. Stories from 'The Earthly Paradise'
240. The Settlers in Canada.
241. Martin Rattler.
242. The Lances of Lynwood.
243. Erling the Bold.
244. The Little Duke.
245. The Prince and the Page.
246. Pilgrim's Progress.
247. Black Beauty.
248. Ungava.

GRADE V. (Suitable for ages 10 to 12), 96 pp.

- No.
50. Robin Hood and His Merry Men.
61. King Arthur and his Knights.
62. Robinson Crusoe.
63. The Cricket on the Hearth.
64. Legends of Greece and Rome.
65. Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings.
66. The Last of the Barons.
67. The King of the Golden River, etc.
68. The Black Tulip.
69. The Story of Wallace Wight.
151. * Ereward the Wake.
152. A Christmas Carol.
153. Round the World in Eighty Days.
154. The Chimes.
155. Southey's "Life of Nelson."

- No.
155. Five Weeks in a Balloon.
156. Golden Deeds of all Times
157. Barnaby Rudge.
158. David Copperfield.
159. Some Norse Myths and Legends.
250. Adventures in Spain (Borrow's "Bible in Spain").
251. The Fortunes of Nigel.
252. Woodstock.
253. Two Years before the Mast.
254. Legends of the Alhambra.
255. The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.
256. Mr. Midshipman Easy.
257. Feats on the Fjord.

GRADE VI. (Suitable for ages 11 to 14), 96 pp.

- No.
60. Brave Tales from Froelassart.
71. The Exploits of Don Quixote.
72. Ancient British Heroes.
63. Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.
64. Tales from Tennyson's "Idylls."
65. Tales of Ancient Times.
66. The Last Days of Pompeii.
67. More Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.
68. Further Lamb's Tales from do.
69. Stories from Barbour's "Bruce."
120. Tom Brown's School Days.
161. A Wonder Book.
162. Tanglewood Tales.
163. The Adventures of Captain John Smith.
164. Lorna Doone.

- No.
165. The Spanish Conquest of Mexico.
166. The Spanish Conquest of Peru.
167. In Eastern Lands (Lothien).
168. Wanderings in South America.
169. Mungo Park's Travels.
260. The Last of the Mohicans.
261. The Coral Island.
262. The Pathfinder.
263. The Deerslayer.
264. The Prairie.
265. Westward Ho!
266. Uncle Tom's Cabin.
267. Tom Cringle's Log.
268. Moby Dick.

GRADE 8 (for Upper Classes, Supplementary Classes, and Continuation Schools), 120 pp.

- No.
70. Pickwick Papers.
71. Windsor Castle.
72. A Tale of Two Cities.
73. The Tower of London.
74. Silas Marner.
75. Kenilworth.
76. The Cloister and the Hearth.

- No.
77. John Halifax, Gentleman.
78. Oliver Twist.
79. The Vicar of Wakefield.
170. The Three Musketeers.
171. Cranford.
172. Twenty Years After.

The books marked thus * may be used in the next higher grade, if the reading in that class is backward.